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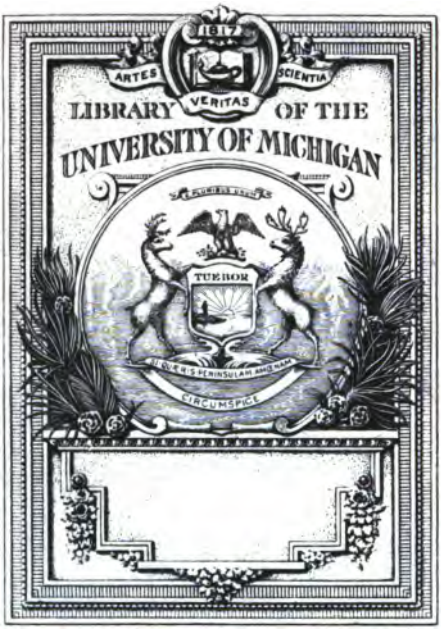
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The Eversley Edition

THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

VOL. I

THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

81314

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

BY

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IN TEN VOLS.

VOL. I

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TO

The Council, Principal, and Professors

OF THE DURHAM COLLEGE OF SCIENCE

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE

AS A MEMORIAL OF PERSONAL AND OFFICIAL RELATIONS

WHICH FOR ME WILL NEED NONE

I DESIRE TO DEDICATE

THIS EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

THE present edition of the Works of Shakespeare forms a part of the now well-known Eversley series of the English classics. Its scope and character have been largely determined by the general intention of that series. It is designed, in other words, rather for the cultivated but not learned reader than for the professed Shakespearean or the examinee, though neither of these, it is hoped, will turn to it altogether in vain.

The text is founded upon the labours of the editors of the Cambridge and Globe Shakespeares, without following either implicitly. A detailed critical apparatus would have been foreign to the aims of this edition; textual notes have, as a rule, been limited to the two purposes of specifying important departures from the old texts, and, where the old texts are incorrigibly corrupt, of indicating the least unlikely conjectures. The bulk of the notes are intended to provide, in the briefest possible form, such information as may serve to smooth the reader's path without insulting his intelligence. The Introductions offer brief surveys of the literary data of the several plays and poems, with some indication of the bearing of each upon the eternal problem of Shakespeare's mind and art.

General Introduction

In the arrangement of the plays it has been sought to reflect, as far as may be, the actual groups which critical scrutiny discovers in his work. This does not imply that the entire series is arranged in chronological order. For this order, though at many points extremely instructive, perhaps obscures as many affinities as it discloses; much is lost as well as gained by the reader who studies, as he is invited to do in a justly popular edition, *Venus and Adonis* between *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Second Part of Henry VI.*, or *The Phœnix and the Turtle* between *The Merry Wives* and *Twelfth Night.* To write the annals of a mind so versatile and flexible as Shakespeare's is not quite the same thing as to trace its history. Where the activity of such a mind is distributed among detached provinces of art, each imposing its own conditions and the pursuit of its own species of delight, we often learn more by watching the phases of its separate procedure in each. Mere convenience, moreover, demands that a work in many volumes, however technical it may be in its minutest subdivisions, should rest in its larger grouping upon elementary and familiar distinctions. Now, the distinction, Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, is not only universally familiar, but corresponds to actual provinces of Shakespeare's work, each of which has its continuous story. His first editors, as is well known, though otherwise presenting the plays in most admired disorder, founded the First Folio upon this threefold division. On both grounds it has been thought well, in the present edition, to retain the

larger grouping of the Folio division, and to exhibit separately the unfolding of Shakespeare's Comedy, History, and Tragedy in approximately chronological order within each class.

At the same time this division—a naïve product of Elizabethan stagecraft—was not without germs of ambiguity and confusion, with which the modern editor of Shakespeare has to reckon. It is, in fact, a somewhat clumsy compromise between classical tradition and modern needs. The terms 'tragedy' and 'comedy' had been for half a century the sport of contending associations. Humanism strove to give them rigorous and well-defined meanings. For men like Udall and Sackville Tragedy was the tragedy of Seneca, Comedy the comedy of Plautus. On the other hand, a mediæval usage, consecrated by Dante and by Chaucer, clung tenaciously to English habits of speech, and permitted any tale, dramatic or otherwise, that ended in adversity to be called a 'tragedy,' and any in which adversity was overcome a 'comedy.' The Humanists succeeded in limiting both terms to drama; but, as names of different dramatic species, neither could resist the loose popular usage, fortified as it was by the imperious Elizabethan demand for a mixed and varied diet of grave and gay. Ingenious pedantry solved the situation by advertising its 'tragical comedies,'[1] its 'lamentable tragedies mixed full of pleasant mirth'[2]; and the tradition was not extinct when Polonius announced the players at

[1] *Apius and Virginia* (c. 1562).
[2] *Cambises* (c. 1562).

Elsinore. Such combinations implied that the stricter associations of 'tragedy' and 'comedy' were still felt. But the more prevalent effect of the disparity was a steady relaxation of the definite meaning of both terms, which allowed them to embrace between them almost the entire field of English dramatic effort. Francis Meres, in 1598, recognised only these two species among the plays he celebrates—even *Henry IV.* is with him a 'tragedy'; just as John Bale, half a century before, had added to his rude lists of the works of 'illustrious British authors' the simple description 'trag.,' 'com.' They came, in fact, far more rapidly into vogue than the classical ideals they originally stood for; writers of didactic or satirical moralities, for instance, who had been content in the first half of the reign to call their survivals of mediæval allegory 'enterludes,' preferred, in the second half, to call them 'comedies.'[1] Tragedy retained, by virtue of a single slender link, a recognisable kinship with its classic counterpart: it had to do with death. 'What,' it is asked in the opening lines of Kyd's *Solyman and Perseda*, 'are tragedies but acts of death?' It is superfluous to recall Philostrate's reason for the 'tragical' quality of the play wherein 'Pyramus doth kill himself.'

Between these 'mighty opposites,'—Tragedy, which could include 'pleasant mirth' without limit provided that some one died, and Comedy, which could be as

[1] Cf. the 'new Enterlude . . . entituled new Custome . . . 1573,' and the 'excellent new Commedie Intituled: The Conflict of Conscience. 1581.' Almost all the characters of both are allegorical.

tender or sententious as it pleased provided that no one died,—the *History*, a hardy provincial upstart, alone stood its ground. The 'History' was a purely Elizabethan product, redolent of the soil, thriving in an atmosphere charged with fiery patriotism and robust insensibility to defects of form. Regarded askance by academic critics (Meres, as has been said, ignores it altogether), and always tending, in the hands of a fine artist, to merge in the finer art of Tragedy or Comedy, the 'History' retained its separate and sturdy identity until the end of the century, mainly by virtue of the keen interest in the national past to which it ministered. For it was pre-eminently English history with which the History as such dealt; and English history near enough for its prevailing aims and passions to stir the sense of kinship in Elizabethan hearts,—the reigns of kings who had defied national enemies still dangerous, or changed the dynastic fortunes of England. The vital qualities of the genus are to be found less in such a piece as the *Chronicle History of King Leir and His Three Daughters*, than in *The Troublesome Reign of King John* ('a warlike Christian and your Countryman, . . . who set himself against the Man of Rome'), or in *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth.* Where the patriotic appeal of the subject was less pronounced, the interest was continually heightened by infusions of comedy or romance, and Greene eked out the *History of James IV. of Scotland* with fairy scenes faintly prophetic of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream;* while his *Friar Bacon* was the type of a considerable

group of comedies in which nothing is historical but the name of an English king, whose shadowy figure moves in the background of a famous popular legend.[1]

The drama, when Shakespeare began to write, was thus a complete chaos of traditions imperfectly apprehended, and native instincts incompletely gratified. Shakespeare confronted that chaos, not with the aggressive vigour of Marlowe, but with a born artist's instinct for the neglected possibilities of art. He availed himself of the types he found, absolutely discarding almost nothing of what still had any hold upon the stage. His own temperament doubtless responded keenly enough to the likes and dislikes of the average Elizabethan in the matter of plays; he shared the instincts and impulses which even the grosser and cruder forms of Elizabethan art had blunderingly striven to satisfy. He struck out the eloquent and master-expression for their stammering speech, disclosed the secret intention of their caprices and vagaries, exhausted the possible delightfulness even of imperfect instruments, like doggerel or farce, before he threw them aside, and elicited from the disarray of Tragedy and Comedy and the crudity of 'History' vital and organic forms of art.

Tragedy centred, with him, not in the horror of sensational crime relieved by barren laughter, but in the profound pity stirred by the ruinous discords between character and circumstance, and in subtle

[1] Thus, *Fair Em* borrows a setting from the reign of William Rufus; *Look About You* frames the story of Robin Hood in at least traditional events of the reign of Henry II.

heightenings of this pity by 'daintily matched' mirth.[1] His Comedy, though fluctuating through yet more various phases of temper and method than his Tragedy, may still be said to centre in the harmonious play of humour, now radiant and joyous, now ironic and satirical, about a serious theme. The Shakespearean History, finally, though also touching the technical extremes of which it is capable, though approaching Marlowesque tragedy in *Richard III.*, admitting large and glorious episodes of pure comedy in *Henry IV.*, yet never dissolves into either, or resigns the pretension, in the fundamental framework of the action, to portray the heroic past of England.

The English histories form a compact phalanx by virtue of their common relation to England,—the 'heroine' as has not inaptly been said, of the whole series. From romantic English history of the type of Greene's *James the Fourth* Shakespeare steadfastly held aloof.

Hence the threefold classification adopted by his first editors corresponds to real lines of cleavage in Shakespeare's work. But they committed some oversights of arrangement which disguise the real homogeneity of each of the three groups. Neither *Troilus and Cressida* nor *Cymbeline* can be reconciled with the genius of Shakespearean tragedy. The Folio editors appear to have themselves withdrawn from their original decision to class it among the tragedies, transferring it, at the last moment, to an isolated position

[1] Funeral notes, as Sidney says, 'daintily match'd' with the hornpipe.

between the tragedies and the histories. The publisher of the First Quartos, on the other hand, had heralded his pirated treasure to the public as one of the wittiest of Shakespeare's *Comedies*,— 'passing full of the palm comical, for it is a birth of your brains that never undertook anything comical vainly.'[1] The Preface is not a document of much insight; but its glib eulogy of the 'salt of comic wit' in the play is as near a recognition as we can expect in the average Elizabethan of the bitter smile with which Shakespeare exhibits the fatuous young love of Troilus, and pricks the magnificent bubble of Greek and Trojan fame. The 'tragedy of Cymbeline,' too, can hardly have been designed for one by Shakespeare. It was never published in his lifetime, and the authenticity of one scene at least is liable to grave suspicion. The drama, as a whole, is a close counterpart to *The Winter's Tale*, which figures as the last of the Comedies. In both a threatened tragedy dissolves in idyll. Both distantly resemble *Othello* in motive; but Imogen as well as Hermione live to forgive their husbands, and neither Posthumus nor Leontes has the stuff in him of the tragic hero. Leontes's jealousy is an obstinate caprice, and Posthumus's a more natural yet hardly pardonable blindness; both rage and both suffer, but the rage of neither is terrible, and the suffering of neither rends us like Othello's. Both are, in fact, little more than ancillary figures, unconscious con-

[1] The same publisher described it on the title-page as the *Famous History of Troylus and Cresseid*. But by 1609 the terms Comedy and Tragedy had come to include all historical plays which did not deal with English history.

trivers of the idylls in which Perdita and Imogen gloriously move.

Mere accident has associated *Pericles* with the tragedies. It was first included in the Third Folio among several other plays, wholly or in part spurious, which modern editors of Shakespeare have universally excluded. As these plays were added at the end of the volume, *Pericles*, which alone remained, immediately followed the tragedies, and hence appears to be one of them.

No doubt both *Pericles* and *Cymbeline* share with the tragedies a gravity of tone and mood which distinguishes them from the earlier comedies. The same gravity underlies *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale*, which the Folio editors nevertheless classed as comedies. It has become usual to detach these four plays from the comedies at large under the name of 'Romances.' Much is to be said, however, for keeping the loose and elastic term which interprets the Elizabethan mind; and for avoiding a name which, besides being unhistorical, does not mark with perfect precision the real distinctiveness of this final group of plays. For romance enters in some sort into almost all the comedies; even *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Merry Wives* are touched with it. When Shakespeare, about 1608-9, turned from *Coriolanus* and *Timon* to *Pericles* and *Cymbeline* and their successors, he contemplated no technical innovation. He fell back upon the familiar motives of his earlier time, chiefly of his comedy. Almost all the characteristic situations of the final group had been in some sort

anticipated. There had been separations and reunions of kindred in *The Comedy of Errors* and *Twelfth Night;* ready forgiveness of wrongs in *As You Like It;* scenery and locale more or less fantastical, unreal, märchen-like, almost wherever we look. The elves of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* have their counterparts, more touched with conscious art, in the spirits of *The Tempest;* the pastoral world of *As You Like It* reappears, invested with a more delicate naïveté, in *The Winter's Tale.* Hero, long before Hermione and Imogen, had been 'done to death by slanderous tongues,' and vanished mysteriously till her innocence was established. The Duke in *Measure for Measure* plays Prospero's part of human providence; and in the Theseus of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* we already divine Prospero—a Prospero of still unclouded fortunes, sitting, not raptly contemplative at his daughter's wedding-revels, but urbanely jocund at his own.

The most salient differences among the several groups of comedies lie less in the presence or absence of romance than in the moods which dominate its treatment. Here the latest group diverges widely from the earlier; but not more widely than these diverge among themselves. The grave strenuousness of *All's Well,* the oppressive sense of evil and lightning scorn of *Measure for Measure,* are further from the blithe gaiety of the *Errors* or the *Dream* than is the contemplative serenity of *The Tempest.* The terrible comedy of the tragic period, 'at which angels weep, who with our spleens, would all themselves laugh mortal,' a comedy tense with ethical nerve and sinew,

intervenes between the two larger groups which precede and follow the tragic period,—the mundane comedy of 1590-1601, sanguine, joyous even when it is concerned with tragic matter, abounding in humorous incongruities and in jesting brains, whose function it is to throw them into brilliant relief; and the Olympian comedy of 1609-12, benign, gravely beautiful, poor in the salient angularities from which humour flashes, poor also in humorists, but implying, in its fantastic play with the conditions of reality, that serene, yet not unsympathetic, detachment from life which makes life's gravest issues at moments resemble the politics of Europe as seen from the altitude of Brobdingnag.

The arrangement of the works will, then, be as follows:—

I. COMEDIES.

Love's Labour 's Lost The Comedy of Errors Two Gentlemen of Verona A Midsummer-Night's Dream	Vol. I.
The Taming of the Shrew The Merchant of Venice The Merry Wives of Windsor Twelfth Night As You Like It	Vol. II.
Much Ado About Nothing All 's Well that Ends Well Measure for Measure Troilus and Cressida	Vol. III.
Pericles Cymbeline The Winter's Tale The Tempest	Vol. IV.

II.—HISTORIES.

Henry VI. (Parts I.-III.), Richard III. — Vol. V.

King John, Richard II., Henry IV. (Parts I., II.) — Vol. VI.

Henry V., Henry VIII. — Vol. VII.

III.—TRAGEDIES.

Titus Andronicus, Romeo and Juliet — Vol. VII.

Julius Cæsar, Hamlet, Othello — Vol. VIII.

King Lear, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra — Vol. IX.

Coriolanus, Timon of Athens — Vol. X.

IV.—POEMS.

Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece, The Sonnets, A Lover's Complaint, The Passionate Pilgrim, The Phœnix and the Turtle — Vol. X.

It is unnecessary for any new editor of Shakespeare to confess obligations to his predecessors. The greater part of his work must inevitably consist in

annexing to his pages such portions as serve his turn of the vast body of Shakespearean lore which is now common property. The present editor has availed himself also of stores of Shakespearean learning less generally familiar in England, in particular of many valuable articles in the *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakspeare Gesellschaft* (referred to below simply as *Jahrbuch*), *Anglia*, and *Englische Studien*. He desires to call attention to the admirably concise and suggestive monograph on Shakespeare by Professor Brandl of Berlin, and also to his edition, with valuable Introductions, of the Schlegel-Tieck translation.

English and American work upon Shakespeare has recently been very abundant and often of great value. It is needless to recall, among others, the writings of Messrs Barrett Wendell, Boas, Lee, and Gollancz, to all of whom the editor owes stimulus and suggestion. Following the example of the last-named scholar he has included, at the outset of each of the Comedies and Histories, an analysis of the Time Arrangement, as made out by Mr. P. A. Daniel in his valuable study for the New Shakespeare Society (*Transactions*, 1877). In adopting these tables as records of fact, he would not, however, be understood to accept in all cases Mr. Daniel's mode of solving the anomalies they disclose.

CONTENTS

PAGE

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST—
Introduction 3
Text 11

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS—
Introduction 123
Text 127

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA—
Introduction 203
Text 211

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM—
Introduction 299
Text 309

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, king of Navarre.

BIRON,
LONGAVILLE,
DUMAIN,
} lords attending on the King.

BOYET,
MERCADE,
} lords attending on the Princess of France.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.
HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.
DULL, a constable.
COSTARD, a clown.
MOTH, page to Armado.
A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.

ROSALINE,
MARIA,
KATHARINE,
} ladies attending on the Princess.

JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Lords, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Navarre.*

TIME-ARRANGEMENT

The Time of the action is two days.
Day 1. I., II.
,, 2. III.-V.
(Daniel, *Time Analysis*, p. 145.)

Dramatis Personæ. *Biron* is written *Berowne* in Qq and Ff. It rhymes with 'moon' (iv. 3. 232). *Longaville* rhymes with 'ill' (iv. 3. 124), and with 'compile' (iv. 3. 133). *Boyet* with 'debt' (v. 2. 334). *Moth* was perhaps pronounced *mote*. This word is apparently played on in iv. 1. 150.

INTRODUCTION

Literary History.

'*Love's Labour's Lost* I once did see,' wrote Robert Tofte, in 1598, in his *The Month's Mind of a Melancholy Lover*. The play was therefore then no longer new. In its original form it no longer exists. A few months before Tofte wrote, it had been revised and expanded by Shakespeare for performance before the Queen as a part of the Christmas festivities at Whitehall. The text thus 'newly corrected and augmented' was published in the following year, and is known as the first quarto. Soon after the accession of James I. the play, which had pleased Elizabeth, was resorted to by Shakespeare's company in one of the embarrassments created by the vigorous dramatic appetite of the new Queen. 'I have sent and bene all thys morning huntyng for players Juglers and such kinde of Creaturs,' wrote Sir Walter Cope in 1604 to Lord Cranborne, 'but fynde them hard to finde, wherefore leavinge notes for them to seeke me, Burbage ys come and Sayes ther ys no new playe that the quene hath not seene, but they have Revyved an olde one, cawled *Loves Labore lost*, which for wytt and mirthe he sayes will please her excedingly. And thys ys apointed to be playd to Morowe night at my Lord of Sowthamptons. . . . Burbage ys my messenger.' Certainly Anne's pronounced taste for the artificial style and elaborate allusiveness of the

Masque, which she did so much to encourage, made the choice of this play not inapt. Two years later, in 1606, another visitor from Scotland, Drummond of Hawthornden, inserted 'Loues Labors Lost, comedie,' with only two other plays of Shakespeare —*Romeo and Juliet* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* —in a list of books that he had 'red.' So late as 1631 it was thought worth while to publish another quarto edition, reprinted from the folio of 1623. But the play owed much of its popularity to a passing phase of taste; it was too intensely of the Elizabethan age to be quite congenial to the next; allusions to it became rare, it entirely disappeared from the stage, and a disparaging mention of it by Dryden in company with *The Winter's Tale* and *Measure for Measure*, as an example of Shakespeare's incoherent comic plots, must be reckoned to it for an honour. Throughout the eighteenth century it continued to be, in England, among the least regarded of his works. At length the discovery of Shakespeare in Germany suddenly provided an audience of delighted readers for the neglected play. The band of young Shakespeareans who gathered round Herder and Goethe at Strassburg revelled in its young vivacity, its 'whimsicality' and 'quibbles';[1] and a generation later the very profusion of caprice and fancy which disturbed the common-sense criticism of Johnsonian England, secured for it the peculiar favour of the Romantic Tieck.

Date. The original version of *Love's Labour's Lost* was among the earliest of Shakespeare's original plays, if not, as is generally supposed, the first of all. The 'correc-

[1] Cf. Goethe: *Dichtung u. Wahrheit*, Buch xi. Goethe's friend, Lenz, translated the play, and appended his translation to his 'Anmerkungen übers Theater.' 'No one,' says Goethe, 'could have been better qualified to enter into and reproduce all the eccentricities and vagaries of Shakespeare's genius.'

tions' of 1597 have, doubtless, removed many marks of early style; happily, however, they have also, indirectly, given us a unique clue to them; fragments of the original version having, in at least three cases, remained embedded in the 'corrected' text. Two of these occur in Biron's great speech (iv. 3, 296 f. and 320 f.). Here the 'correction' has merely served to heighten the vigour of the phrasing. The third, however, throws the divergences of the Shakespeare of 1597 from the Shakespeare of eight years earlier into glaring relief. The earlier version of Rosaline's compact with Biron (v. 2. 827-832) is singularly jejune. The past mistress of quips and cranks seems to take up the rôle of moral censor as a new phase in the game of outwitting the lords, and to impose her penalty by way of flinging a last decisive shot at her adversary. In the later version (v. 851 f.) she has passed, like the princess, into a serious and feeling mood (announced to the reader by Biron's question: 'Studies my lady?'), and the demand, before petulantly tossed at him in somewhat jerky iambics, is now gravely formulated in lines of subtly varied movement and eloquently rounded phrase, and with a moral dignity for which certainly nothing in her previous bearing prepares us. But then Shakespeare, when he thus 'corrected,' was already the creator of Portia.

Many youthful traits, however, remain: the characters symmetrically grouped and on the whole slightly drawn; the comic parts loosely attached and inclining to burlesque and caricature; the language bristling with verbal antitheses; the verse, running with a facility and a frequency unapproached in any other play, into lyric strophes and into doggerel. The last is the most decisive ground for giving this play a very early date. Lyric strophes, which here occupy

236 lines, Shakespeare continued to use occasionally, in exalted passages, as late as *Much Ado* and *As You Like It* (1600); but doggerel was a relic of the pre-Marlowesque drama, which, after making the most of it in the present comedy (194 verses) and *The Comedy of Errors* (108 verses), and allowing a few lines to speed in the *Two Gentlemen*, he practically abandoned. And nowhere but in this comedy does it serve for the dialogue of high-bred persons. For reasons given in the next section it cannot be dated earlier than 1589-90. The grounds just stated forbid us to date it later.

Sources, Structure, and Treatment.

Love's Labour's Lost is full of topical and allusive matter, but seems to owe very little to any previous literature.[1] The most important of these topical allusions, so far as they affect the structure of the play, are the following:—

(1) The scene is laid at the court of Navarre; the King therefore stands unquestionably for Henry IV., whose fortunes excited the keenest sympathy in England. This was especially the case between 1589, when he became titular King of France by the assassination of Henry III., and 1593, when he bought Paris with a mass and became King *de facto*. The three lords, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, also derive their names from three conspicuous figures in the war, Henry's Captains, Marshal Biron and the Duke du Longueville, and the General of the Catholic League, the Duke du Maine. Of these, Biron was well known by repute and highly popular in England; the English contingent sent by Elizabeth in 1589 usually serving under his command, and finding him 'very respective to her Majesty and loving to her people.' His gaieties were proverbial, and the de-

[1] These have been worked out by Mr. S. Lee, *Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1878; cf. also Sarrazin, *Jahrbuch*, xxxi. 200.

lightful portrait drawn by Rosaline of her lover (ii. 1. 66) is substantially true to the historical Biron.

(2) The romantic embassy of the ladies of France had a historic counterpart in the journey undertaken by Catherine de' Medici (1586), accompanied by the most beautiful ladies of her court, to a rendezvous with Henry at San Bris, for the purpose of settling political points at issue.

(3) The Russian disguising (v. 2) was suggested by a mission from the Czar to Elizabeth, in 1583, with the view of obtaining one of her ladies as his consort.

(4) Armado, the 'phantasime Monarcho' (iv. 1. 101), is undoubtedly intended to recall an eccentric figure well known in London some years before under the name of the 'Phantastical Monarcho'; his 'epitaph,' written by Churchyard (1580), speaks of him as a compound of folly and wit, 'grave of looks and father-like of face,' who uttered 'strange talk' before strangers, sententious, not inclined to mirth, but 'well disposed' if any Prince took pleasure in any mirth he made,—'loved to hear him lie,' as the King says of Armado,—

> Thy climbing mind aspir'd beyond the stars;
> Thy lofty style no earthly title bore;
> Thy wits would seem to see through peace and wars,
> Thy taunting tongue was pleasant, sharp and sore,
> And tho' thy pride and pomp was somewhat vain
> The Monarch had a deep-discoursing brain.

But Armado need not be in any sense a *portrait* of the Monarcho, any more than of John Lyly, Antonio Perez or Philip II., with whom different critics have confidently identified him. The number of these hypotheses is their best refutation. Of the other characters, Moth may perhaps owe his name to La Motte, the popular French ambassador; but to

find historic originals for the rest is a hazardous adventure. Holofernes has been gratuitously identified with the distinguished Italian scholar and translator of Montaigne, Florio; Mr. Fleay thinks he is the pamphleteer Cooper, and even sees in the whole group—Holofernes, Nathaniel, Dull, Armado, and Moth—a reflexion of the anti-martinist controversialists of 1589. Rosaline, being dark, has naturally been brought into relation with 'Mrs. Fytton' and the dark lady of the Sonnets; and M. J. Caro has carried the method to a climax by detecting in Navarre England, in Henry Elizabeth, in the Princess the Duke of Anjou, and in the Princess's conditional promise of marriage the Duke's unconditional rejection.

(5) But however vague and conflicting the personal allusions may be, there is no question of the distinctness of the allusions to contemporary eccentricities. The play used to be described as a satire on Euphuism; critics now agree that with Euphuism in the strict sense—the Euphuism of Lyly, Greene, and Lodge—it has nothing to do, but is exclusively concerned with three or four other varieties of affected speech, viz. the pedantic Latinism and alliteration of Holofernes; the inflated 'Gongorism' of Armado; and the 'taffeta phrases, silken terms precise' of the lords and ladies. To these affectations of speech must be added the affectation of academic seclusion, to which Navarre and his bookmen make desperate recourse as a refuge from the rest. All these were exemplified in English society in 1590. Finally, these 'humours' of the educated world are set off by the rusticity of the 'pageant of the Nine Worthies,' familiar to every village green.

Shakespeare's treatment of these materials is but slightly coloured by the traditional drama. But

Holofernes and Armado belong to two standing types in the Italian *Comedy of Art*, already well known in England, the 'pedant' and the 'braggart,' and are in the old text regularly denoted by these names.

Clearly, the pith of the play lies in the pleasant exposure of these affectations of Elizabethan culture. It is a 'comedy of humours,'—Shakespeare's one experiment in the genre which a decade later Jonson made his own. Shakespeare, like Jonson after him, has his fling at the 'vainglorious knight,' 'the profane jester,' 'the affected courtier'; but the animus of their satire is not altogether the same. Jonson assails these affectations with the downright scholar's scorn for shams; Shakespeare laughs at the 'lost labour' of those who, in one or other of these ways, insist (in Biron's phrase) on 'climbing over the house to unlock the little gate.' But his laughter is not all in the same key. Holofernes and Armado are purely comic figures, commended to us by no single sympathetic touch, and sent off the stage sadder, but in no degree wiser than they entered it. Armado serves for the 'quick recreation' of Navarre and his bookmen. But Shakespeare has not a whit more respect for their own projected Academy of study, fasting and seclusion, and mercilessly derides it through the lips of Biron. But when they 'of mere necessity' forswear their asceticism, and the 'lost labours of love' actually begin, the satiric note becomes more equivocal. In the finest scene of the drama,—one of the finest comic scenes in all the early dramas,—where their perjury is discovered (iv. 3), the ridiculous situation of the perjured students contrasts strangely with the lyric beauty of the love-strains put into their mouths. The King's has a burlesque touch or two, but Dumain's is full of

charm, and Longaville's is hardly distinguishable in tone from the most ardent of Shakespeare's sonnets. If Shakespeare was here, as has been said, lashing the 'Petrarcan sonneteers' of his time, it was with the mild stroke that became one who was himself to be so great a master in this form of love-labour. And as with the love-lyrics, so it is with the 'taffeta phrases and silken terms' which Biron likewise renounces at Rosaline's feet. They were not for him, like Holofernes' Latinisms and Armado's fire-new terms, things wholly alien and apart; they were symbols of a phase of culture and refinement through which he was himself passing, of which he recognised the limits, but had not overcome the charm. We may surely recognise something of Shakespeare himself in the curious ambiguities in the fine character of Biron, who, after renouncing his silken terms precise, leaves his sickness by degrees, and has yet a trick of the old rage'; and who is by turns a Romeo and a Mercutio in his view of love.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The king of Navarre's park.*

Enter FERDINAND, *king of* NAVARRE, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.

3. *disgrace*, disfigurement. 6. *bate*, blunt.

You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there;
And one day in a week to touch no food
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrolled there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,—
When I was wont to think no harm all night
And make a dark night too of half the day,—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,

43. *of all the day*, all day-long.

Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!
King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.
Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:
I only swore to study with your grace
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest
Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.
King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.
King. These be the stops that hinder study quite
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,

57. *common sense*, ordinary perception.

62. *feast*, Theobald's undoubted correction for the 'fast of Qq and Ff.

Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixed star
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn and still lets grow the weeding.

82. *Who dazzling so*, etc. 'Dazzle,' in the intrans. sense, is common; but 'heed' in the concrete sense of a guide or safeguard is probably due to the rhyme. Johnson paraphrases the passage: 'When he has his eye made weak by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that fairer eye shall be his *heed*, his direction or lodestar, and give him light that was blinded by it.'

95. *Proceeded well*, etc. A play upon the academic sense of the word, 'take a degree.'

Biron. The spring is near when green geese are a-breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhyme.
King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast.
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.
King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu.
Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore
And bide the penance of each three years' day.

100. *sneaping*, nipping, checking.

104. *an*; all the Qq and Ff have 'any.' But it is hardly credible that Shakespeare can have written this. 'An' is better sense as well as smoother metre, and 'any' is easily explicable as a blunder caused by the previous line.

106. *Than wish a snow*, etc. The rhyme 'shows' is inadvertent if genuine; but the phrase 'new-fangled shows' is more Shakespearean than either Theobald's '—— earth' or Walker's '—— mirth.'

108, 109. Things done out of season are commonly done by laborious and indirect processes.

110. *sit you out*, take no part.

Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I 'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron [*reads*]. 'Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court:' Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads*] 'On pain of losing her tongue.' Who devised this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!

[*Reads*] 'Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.'

This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak—
A maid of grace and complete majesty—
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would
It doth forget to do the thing it should,

129. *gentility*, good manners.

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.
King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.
Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;
I am forsworn on 'mere necessity.'
So to the laws at large I write my name:
[*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions are to other as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate

149. *lie*, stay, lodge.

152. *affects*, feelings, impulses.

159. *suggestions*, temptations.

169. *complements*, accomplishments. Armado is a finished cavalier, whose decision upon all matters of etiquette is final. Moth calls him ironically 'my complete master,' iii. I. 11.

171. *hight*, is called.

In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow: what wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.
Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!
Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?
Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

174. *debate*, conflict.
179. *fire-new*, brand-new.
185. *tharborough*, thirdborough, constable.
196. Longaville probably means that Armado's 'high words' are a low object to hope for.
198. *laughing.* Capell's correction of Q_1; Ff, 'hearing.'

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King [*reads*]. 'Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron.'

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King [*reads*]. 'So it is,'—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King [*reads*]. 'So it is, besieged with sable-

204. *taken with the manner* (mainour), 'with the thing stolen upon him,' a legal phrase. There is thus a threefold quibble upon the word.

coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is yclepèd thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place where; it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,'—

Cost. Me?

King [*reads*]. 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'—

Cost. Me?

King [*reads*]. 'that shallow vassal,'—

Cost. Still me?

King [*reads*]. 'which, as I remember, hight Costard,'—

Cost. O, me!

King [*reads*]. 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with,—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,—

Cost. With a wench.

249. *curious-knotted*, with intricately contrived flower-beds. 'Knot in this sense was a technical term in Elizabethan gardening.

262. *continent canon*, law enjoining continence.

264. *passion*, grieve.

King [*reads*]. 'with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

Dull. Me, an 't shall please you; I am Anthony Dull.

King [*reads*]. 'For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed 'damsel.'

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed 'virgin.'

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This 'maid' will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.
My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.
[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, 310
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior. 10

5. *imp.* youngster, boy.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

36. *crosses*, coins, from the cross stamped upon the old penny.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere ye'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put 'years' to the word 'three,' and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the

57. *the dancing horse;* the famous horse, Morocco, which in the latter years of the century astonished the west of Europe by its feats of agility, reason, and speech. It was shown by a Scotsman, Banks, who is said to have been finally burnt, with his horse, as a wizard at Rome. Douce quotes a minute account of its feats at Paris by the Sieur de Melleray, in a note to the French translation of Apuleius, 1602.

66. *courtesy*, curtsy (used both of men and women).

town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

82. *complexion*, temperament. The four 'complexions' were those in which one of the four 'humours' was predominant, *i.e.* the 'sanguine,' 'phlegmatic,' 'choleric,' 'melancholy' dispositions. The word had also its modern sense, on which Moth plays.

94. *a green wit*, probably, as the Camb. editors suggest, a quibble on the green *withes* with which Samson was bound. Cf. the play on Moth's name in iv. 1. 150.

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known,
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred
And fears by pale white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but I think now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to

111. *owe*, own. *native*, by nature.

114. The ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid Penelophon. Cf. iv. 1. 65.

121. *digression*, transgression.

123. *rational hind*, a quibble on the double sense of 'hind,' —a 'peasant, boor,' and an irrational deer.

take no delight nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That 's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

136. *day-woman*, primarily a *dairymaid* (ME. *deye*), whose business was with baking and poultry, as well as milk. Jaquenetta was doubtless to be general provider to the fasters.

141. *that's hereby*, Jaquenetta's provincialism for 'that's as it may happen.' Armado understands it in the sense 'close by.'

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*

181. *butt-shaft*, a kind of unbarbed arrow used for shooting at butts.

184. *passado*, a thrust with the rapier or foil; used for 'sword-play' in general.

185. *duello*, laws of duelling.

188. *manager*, wielder, handler.

190. *turn sonnet*, so Qq and Ff. Probably an Armadoism for 'sonneter,' which Capell proposed to substitute.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
As Nature was in making graces dear
When she did starve the general world beside
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,

1. *dearest*, choicest, best. 5. *inheritor*, possessor. 16. *chapmen*, sellers.

No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace:
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.
Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so. [*Exit Boyet.*
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
First Lord. Lord Longaville is one.
Prin. Know you the man?
Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

28. *bold of*, confident of. 45. So F_2. Qq, F_1 omit 'the.'

Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:

Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,

And shape to win grace though he had no wit.

I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;

And much too little of that good I saw

Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time

Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.

Biron they call him; but a merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal:

His eye begets occasion for his wit;

For every object that the one doth catch

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,

Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,

Delivers in such apt and gracious words

That aged ears play truant at his tales

And younger hearings are quite ravished;

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,

That every one her own hath garnished

With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

First Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and* Attendants.

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. 'Fair' I give you back again; and 'welcome' I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,

82. *competitors*, associates. 83. *address'd*, ready.

Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjured if you make me stay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know you did.
Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question!
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?
Ros. The hour that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your mask!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

110. *suddenly*, promptly.

115-127. Q_1 gives Rosaline's speeches to Katharine. Possibly Biron was originally intended to address himself to the wrong mask; but it is more likely that the rôles of Katharine and Rosaline have been interchanged. Cf. 195, 210.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart withal
And have the money by our father lent
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

129 f. The general idea of this transaction is borrowed from Monstrelet's *Chronicle*, where Charles of Navarre, the King's father, is said to have surrendered certain lordships in France to the French king in consideration of receiving the castle of Nemours and 200,000 crowns. Shakespeare, however, has made this sum an advance by Navarre which the French king has not repaid, and for which Navarre holds part of Aquitaine on mortgage. But neither party considers the mortgaged territory (lacking as it did the best part of the province—*so gelded as it is*) to be an equivalent of the money due. The French king therefore seeks to prolong his indebtedness, and even to recover the half of the debt which he professes to have already paid, while Navarre is equally concerned to have the debt, which he professes to be wholly unpaid, paid in full.

147. *depart*, part.

149. *gelded*, mutilated.

A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.
Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I 'll repay it back
Or yield up Aquitaine.
Prin. We arrest your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.
King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
King. It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so received
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.
Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!
King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [*Exit.*
Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says 'ay.'

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No point, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended. She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

190. *no point*, a pun on the French negative particle.

195. Qq and Ff give *Rosaline* for *Katharine*, and *Katharine* for *Rosaline* below (ii. 1. 210).

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be.

[*Exit Long.*

Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir: adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit Biron.*

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:

Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[*Offering to kiss her.*

Mar. Not so, gentle beast:

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

219. *Sheeps — ships.* This quibble (repeated in *Two Gentlemen*, i. 1. 72 f., *Com. of Errors*, iv. 1.) was somewhat easier in Shakespeare's day, the *i* in *ship* being probably the short *ee* of Fr. *fini*, not the modern Eng. *i*.

223. *several*, private, enclosed land, as opposed to the common land. Maria means 'my lips are no common pasture though they are, to be sure, a private one' (with a quibble on the sense of *several* = separate).

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.
Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.
Prin. Your reason?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did quote such amazes
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,

236. *like an agate*, from the figures carved upon agates in rings.

238. *impatient to speak and not see*, provoked at being merely able to speak, and not to see, like the eye.

245. *point*, prompt.

246. *His face's own margent*, etc., an allusion to the practice of giving quotations in the margin.

An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed.

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger and speakest skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel. [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring

249. *disposed*, 'inclined to somewhat loose mirth.' Boyet affects to understand the term in its usual sense.

3. *Concolinel.* This is probably only the title of Moth's song, possibly taken from its burden, or opening words.

him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note—do you note me?—that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

6. *festinately*, quickly.

9. *French brawl*, a dance (O.Fr. *bransle*) 'wherein many (men and women) holding hands, sometimes in a ring, and other whiles at length, move all together' (Cotgrave).

12. *canary*. A rapid and sprightly dance said to have been introduced from the Canary Islands. Cf. *All's Well*, ii. 1. 77.

17. *penthouse-like*, overhanging. 'Pentices' overhung the shops in the London streets. To sit thus was thought to be a 'mark of the judicious.' Cf. Induction to *Every Man out of his Humour*—

> a gallant of this mark,
> Who, to be thought one of the judicious,
> Sits with his arms thus wreath'd, his hat pull'd here.

19. *thin-belly doublet*, opposed to one with a '*great belly*,' the latter being fashionable, the former suggestive of the leanness of men in love.

24. *nice*, coy.

27. *purchased*. Moth plays on the double sense of the words *acquired* and *bought*.

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. 'The hobby-horse is forgot.'

Arm. Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

28. *penny of observation.* Probably in allusion to the well-known tract, *A Pennyworth of Wit.*

30. *hobby-horse.* The figure of a horse, manipulated by a boy, was a favourite feature in the May-day Morris-dance. After the Reformation the hobby-horse was discouraged, and its omission provoked a lost ballad often alluded to: 'But O! but O! the hobby-horse is forgot!' Cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 140.

31. *hobby-horse* was also a term for a loose woman. So *hackney* below.

Arm. The way is but short: away!
Moth. As swift as lead, sir.
Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?
Moth. Minimè, honest master; or rather, master, no.
Arm. I say lead is slow.
Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?
Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that 's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.
Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*
Arm. A most acute juvenal; volable and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here 's a costard broken in a shin.
Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy; begin.
Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve

62. *swift*, ready, smart (esp. with reference to repartee).

67. *volable*, so Q_1: The Ff and Q_2 *voluble*. *Volable* 'nimble,' a neologism, expresses the 'bullet' swiftness of Moth, just referred to, as well as his nimbleness of wit.

71. *costard*, a colloquialism for the head.

73. *no salve in the mail;* Costard declines not only 'egma' and 'lenvoy' but every other 'salve' in the (apothecary's) bag (Delius). This gives a tolerable sense. Tyrwhitt's '*in them all*' is harsh.

73. *l'envoy*, properly the concluding stanza of a ballade containing the dedication or farewell. It was used more loosely by the Elizabethans for the conclusion of a poem, or letter, and so, according to Armado's definition, for the 'epilogue' which explains what precedes. The article was felt as part of the word; both Qq and Ff give *lenvoy*.

in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There 's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.
The fox, the ape and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose: would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that 's flat.

81. Moth quibbles on the Lat. *salve*, a phrase used in parting as well as meeting.
83. *sain*, for 'said.'
85-93. These lines are found only in Q_1.

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see; a fat l'envoy; ay, that 's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a costard was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy:

I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances: I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

102. *sold him a bargain*, betrayed him into proclaiming himself a fool.

104. *fast and loose*, a swindling game, of many varieties; their common feature being that something 'loose' (or detachable) was made to look as if it were 'fast' (fixed), or *vice versa*, and wagers invited from incautious persons.

111. *he ended the market.* 'Three women and a goose make a market,' was an Italian proverb.

114. *sensibly.* (1) intelligibly (Moth), (2) feelingly (Costard).

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew! [*Exit Moth.*
Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—'What 's the price of this inkle?'—'One penny.'—'No, I 'll give you a remuneration:' why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

Biron. Stay, slave; I must employ thee:

129. *from*, out of.
130. *in lieu of*, in return for.
131. *significant*, sign, symbol.
133. *ward*, guard.
136. *incony*, dainty, delicate. 'Jew' is probably a colloquial abbreviation of 'jewel.' Cf. *M.N.D.* iii. 1. 97.
140. *inkle*, worsted or tape.

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.
Cost. When would you have it done, sir?
Biron. This afternoon.
Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.
Biron. Thou knowest not what it is.
Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.
Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There 's thy guerdon; go.
[*Giving him a shilling.*
Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, a 'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration! [*Exit.*
Biron. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

171. Costard's interpretation of 'guerdon' and 'remuneration' was probably founded on a stock anecdote of the time, which is given in a pamphlet, by J. M., 'A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Servingmen.'

177. *humorous*, capricious. The beadle was the public whipper.

179. *pedant*, schoolmaster, tutor.

180. *magnificent*, pompous.

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting 'paritors:—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

181. *wimpled*, hooded, here blindfold. Lyly uses it thus of Justice, 'that sitteth wimpled about the eyes.'

186. *plackets*, *codpieces*, distinctive portions of female and masculine dress.

188. *'paritor*, 'An officer of the bishop's court who carried out citations.'—Johnson.

189. *corporal of the field*, aide-de-camp.

190. *And wear his colours*, etc.: the military scarf is contemptuously compared with the tumbler's hoop, likewise worn across the shoulder, and trimmed with ribbons.

192, 193. *German clock*. Most clocks were then of German make. They were proverbially often in need of repair.

193. *frame*, order.

198. *whitely*, pale, whitish; perhaps to denote effeminacy. The epithet is hardly consistent with the dark or brunette complexion ascribed to Rosaline. Possibly, if an actual court lady was intended by Rosaline when the play was performed in 1597-98, an inexact epithet was expressly chosen in a passage which makes so serious a charge against her as that in the following lines.

To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
Some men must love my lady and some Joan.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter the Princess, *and her train*, a Forester, BOYET, ROSALINE, MARIA, *and* KATHARINE.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurred his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what? first praise me and again say no?
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

10. *stand*, station.

For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And out of question so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

20. *inherit*, possess.
23. *foul*, plain.
36. *curst*, shrewish.
ib. *self-sovereignty*, either 'sovereignty residing in oneself,' 'autocracy,' or self = 'same,' in which case the hyphen should be deleted.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Enter COSTARD.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What 's your will, sir? what 's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he 's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet [*reads*]. 'By heaven, that thou art fair,

56. *capon;* a love-letter, Fr. *poulet.* 'Break up' and 'serve' in the next line of course continue the play; 'break up' was familiar both in the sense of 'open' and 'carve.'

is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici; which to annothanize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar!—videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.
Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall his princely feet before,

67. *Zenelophon;* so Ff, Qq for 'Penelophon.'

69. *annothanize.* So Ff, Qq; Armado's quasi-learned blunder for 'anatomize.'

And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his bookmates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exeunt Princess and train.*

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

93. *forage*, devouring; regularly used of wild beasts.

95. *repasture*, repast.

101. *phantasime*, a fantastic fellow. On the 'Fantastical Monarcho,' see the Introduction.

106. *master*, patron.

110. *suitor*, Qq and Ff *shooter*, with a view to the pun, the word being sounded approximately so.

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?
Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.
Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!
Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!
Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.
Boyet. And who is your deer?
Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!
Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.
Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?
Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?
Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.
Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.
Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.
[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*
Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!
Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.
Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!

111. *continent*, complete embodiment.

Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!

Sola, sola! [*Shout within.*

[*Exit Costard, running.*

134. *mete at*, aim at.

136. *clout*, the white mark in a target, supported by a wooden *pin*.

138. *upshoot*, the deciding shot.

139. *greasily*, uncleanly.

150. *nit*, particle (playing on Moth's name—*mote*).

Scene II. *The same.*

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, *and* Dull.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication; facere, as it were, replication, or rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather, unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus!
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

3. *sanguis . . . caelo.* These are possibly blunders for Ital. *sanguigno*, 'full of blood,' *cielo*, sky. But the first at least can hardly be due to the printer.

4. *pomewater*, a kind of apple.

10. *buck of the first head*, buck of the fifth year.

12. *pricket*, buck of the second year.

19. *unconfirmed*, inexperienced, ignorant.

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;
he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
But omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,
And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollusion holds in the

32. *patch*, fool.

41. *raught*, reached.

42. *the allusion*, etc. The statement is equally true when Adam is substituted for Cain.

exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of

56. *affect the letter*, employ alliteration.

59, 60. *sore*, a buck of the fourth year; *sorel*, a buck of the third year.

65. *talent*, a current colloquial form of *talon*.

66. *claws*, flatters.

70. *ventricle of memory*. The brain was currently divided into three chambers or ventricles, the hindmost of which was the seat of memory.

memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but vir sapit qui pauca loquitur; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

71. *pia mater*, a membrane enclosing part of the brain, used elsewhere for the brain itself.

85, 86. 'on' and 'one' were nearly identical in pronunciation.

97. *Mantuan*, Baptista Mantuanus (1448-1516), general of the Carmelite order, whose *Eclogues* were used in the English grammar schools, and hence familiar to Shakespeare. *Fauste, precor*, etc., is the opening of the first eclogue.

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.
Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa. Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; lege, domine.

Nath. [*reads*]

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:

99. *Venetia, Venetia*, etc. Shakespeare probably found this saying in Florio's *Second Frutes* (1591). It is much mutilated in the old texts.

109-122. Biron's sonnet, as well as Longaville's and Dumain's verses in the next scene (iv. 3. 60-73, 101-120), were reprinted with a few variations in the *Passionate Pilgrim*.

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.' Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by

123. *You find not the apostrophas.* This doubtless refers to the curtailment in Nathaniel's reading (represented by the text) of the last line. The reading *singēs* (Q_1) probably, as has been suggested, gives what Nathaniel should have read, Holofernes (or Shakespeare) meaning by *apostrophas*, 'diæreses.'

131. *tired*, attired, arrayed.

133. This declaration, contradicting iv. 94 above, seems to be an oversight.

137. *intellect*, purport, here specially the indication of the sender.

the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [*To Dull*] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: pauca verba. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

156. *colourable colours*, specious pretexts.
164. *ben venuto*, welcome.

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter BIRON, *with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan! [*Stands aside.*

Enter the KING, *with a paper.*

King. Ay me!

Biron. [*Aside*] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King [*reads*].

2. *coursing*, chasing, pursuing. ib. *toil*, hunting-net. 'Toiling in a pitch,' ensnared in Rosaline's 'pitch-ball' eyes.

4. *set thee down*, sit down.

25. *bird-bolt*, a thick, square blunt arrow.

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triúmphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*Steps aside.*
What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn!

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

47. *perjure*, perjurer. The perjurer had to wear a paper on his breast containing a confession of his crime.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:

Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,

The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go. [*Reads.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,

'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth doth shine,

Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine:

53. *triumviry*, triumvirate.

ib. *corner-cap*, the beretta or three-cornered cap of the Catholic priest. The shape of this suggests the triangle formed by the timbers of a gallows,—the Tyburn of love, at which the three 'perjurers' have hung up their innocence.

58. *guards*, trimmings.

59. *slop*, loose trousers. Qq and Ff, *shop*. The correction is Theobald's. The objection that the *hose* is not the *slop* has no weight where both terms are figurative.

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Steps aside.*

Biron. All hid, all hid; an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hair for foul hath amber quoted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

74. *liver-vein*, the strain or style of lovers, the liver being considered the seat of love.

78. *All hid, all hid*, the cry of children at Hide-and-Seek.

79. These lines have suggested that Biron is hidden in a tree overhead, and some editors have adopted Capell's stage direction at v. 23, *gets up into a tree*, or the like. But this is very cumbrous, and Biron may well mean merely that from his vantage-ground he commands the secrets of men's hearts like a god, or demigod. Cf. v. 175.

82. *woodcocks*, gulls, simpletons.

87. *quoted*, noted, marked.

Biron. Stoop, I say:
Her shoulder is with child.
Dum. As fair as day.
Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.
Dum. O that I had my wish!
Long. And I had mine!
King. And I mine too, good Lord!
Biron. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood and will remember'd be.
Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
Dum. [*reads*]

On a day—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;

89. *stoop*, crooked. One shoulder protrudes above the other.
98. *misprision*, misapprehension.
106. *can* (gan), did; a common Middle-English usage imitated by Spenser.

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.
This will I send and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.
Long. [*advancing*]. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desirest society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.
King [*advancing*]. Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much;
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush
And mark'd you both and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:

125. *perjured note*, stain of perjury.

142. *one*, etc., 'The hair of one was gold.' F_2 amends the metre by omitting *one*, Walker, less idiomatically, by substituting *one's* for *one*, *her*.

[*To Long.*] You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To Dum.*] And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
What will Biron say when that he shall hear
Faith so infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.
Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.
[*Advancing.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears;
You 'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!

164. *teen*, vexation.
166. *transformed to a gnat*, *i.e.* to an insignificant creature that makes a sound—a mere minstrel.
167. *gig*, a kind of top.
169. *push-pin*, a child's game, in which pins were pushed alternately.
170. *critic*, cynical.

Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?

King. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

180. This line has never been satisfactorily emended. Dyce's 'with men like you, men of inconstancy,' gives the evident sense in a somewhat lame form.

185. *a state*, 'bearing' when at rest, as *gait*, when in motion. Cf. a 'Sonnet' of W. Browne's:

For her *gait* if she be walking,
Be she sitting I desire her
For her *state's* sake.

This shows that *state* does not mean *standing*, as Steevens explained it.

189. *present*, document for presentation.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over.
[*Giving him the paper.*
Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
[*Biron tears the letter.*
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name. [*Gathering up the pieces.*
Biron. [*To Costard*] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four.
Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, sirs; away!

207. *mess*, the set of four; 'at great dinners the company was usually arranged into fours, which were served together.'

212. *sirs*. The term could be used, in the unceremonious sense, in addressing inferiors of both sexes, and even women alone.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head and strucken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

219. *of all hands*, at all points, anyhow.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the suit of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

255. *suit*, apparel (Qq and Ff, 'school'). The Cambridge editors plausibly suggest that *school* stands for *shoote* (*suit*).
256. *beauty's crest*, brightness.
259. *usurping*, spurious, counterfeit.
268. *crack*, boast.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I 'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I 'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.
Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.
King. But what of this? are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. 'Tis more than need.
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

286. *flattery*, soothing remedy.
288. *quillets*, legal subtleties, evasive shifts.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding poisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself
And where we are our learning likewise is:
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,

299-301. These lines are the first draft of vv. 320-323.
302-304. These lines are the first draft of vv. 350-353.
324. *keep*, remain confined to (cf. 'keep the house').

Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,

337. *sensible*, sensitive.

338. *cockled*, enclosed in a shell.

341. *Hesperides*, properly the guardians of the apples which it was one of the labours of Hercules to fetch. The Elizabethans currently used the term for the garden they inhabited, probably through association with the Islands of the Hesperides, which one tradition assigned as their abode.

344, 345. The voice of love find such loud and energetic response from all the gods that the harmony lulls heaven.

That show, contain and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear,
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

358. *loves all men.* The antithesis between this and the foregoing line is ill expressed and obscure; probably the contrast intended is between wisdom, which all profess to admire, and love, which attracts them by an irresistible magnetism, whether they will or no.

370. *glozes*, sophistries.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.
Biron. Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too

382. *betime*, betide.
2. *reasons*, discourse.
4. *affection*, affectation.
6. *opinion*, dogmatism.
14. *thrasonical*, boastful.
ib. *picked*, refined, fastidious.

affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,—which he would call abbominable: it insinuateth me of insanie: anne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo, bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone? bone for ben! Priscian a little scratched, 'twill serve.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

Arm. Chirrah! [*To Moth.*

21. *point-devise*, precise.

22. *dout . . . det.* In these words Holofernes champions a pronunciation which never had existed, and which received countenance only from an 'orthography' 'racked' into conformity with their ultimate etymology; in 'abominable,' one founded upon false etymology as well as false spelling; in *calf, half, neighbour, neigh*, one which had grown obsolete while the spelling survived.

26. *abhominable;* the word was currently derived in the sixteenth century from *ab homine*.

28. There is some corruption in these words. *Insanie* (for Qq, Ff 'infamie') is probably a Holofernianism for 'madness.'

31. *Priscian a little scratched*, a slight blunder in Latin grammar. What precedes is Theobald's acute suggestion for the corrupt text of Qq and Ff *bome boon for boon prescian*. This appears to give the clue to the blunder which Nathaniel must be supposed to have committed, viz. *bone* for *bene*, which is thence inserted in the text.

Hol. Quare chirrah, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediter-

44. *honorificabilitudinitatibus.* This word, the longest in mediæval Latin, was a proverbial example of elaborate word-formation in the Latin schools of the sixteenth century. It occurs in MS. at least as early as the twelfth century; in the *Catholicon* of Johannes of Janua (1286), in Dante's *De vulgari eloquio*, and in late Middle Latin dictionaries. It was an abstract of *honorificare*, and meant (in the nominative) the state of being loaded with honours. A verse was current in the Middle Ages: '*Fulget honorificabilitudinitatibus iste*' (*Jahrbuch des d. Sh. Ges.* xxxiii. 271).

45. *flap-dragon*, a small burning substance swallowed in wine.

49. *horn-book*, primer, from the sheet of transparent horn which covered the text.

raneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit! snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy circum circa,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or mons, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure

62. *venue*, a single hit in fencing.

72. *circum circa*, round and round.

85. *preambulate*, come forward.

87. *charge-house*, the school house; a phrase of Armado's 'mint.'

and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head; and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

97. *liable*, fit.

98. *chose*, choice.

102. *inward*, private, confidential.

103. *remember thy courtesy*, a polite phrase for 'be covered.'

109. *excrement*, outgrowth (used specially of the hair).

119. *antique*, antic.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!' that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.

133. *myself*, etc. A corrupt place. The most plausible conjectures are *myself Alexander and this*, etc., and *myself or this*.

135. *pass*, perform.

142. *apology*, set explanation.

154. *fadge*, suit, serve, do.

Hol. Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I 'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madame, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

156. *Via*, 'Come!' an Italian term of encouragement used by commanders to their men, and riders to their horses.

161. *hay*, a country dance.

2. *fairings*, presents (originally those bought at fairs).

10. *wax*, grow (with a quibble on *seal*), i. 5. 9.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows, too.
Ros. You 'll ne'er be friends with him ; a' kill'd your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;
And so she died : had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died :
And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.
Ros. What 's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word ?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.
Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kath. You 'll mar the light by taking it in snuff ;
Therefore I 'll darkly end the argument.
Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not ? O, that 's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason ; for 'past cure is still past care.'
Prin. Well bandied both ; a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too :
Who sent it ? and what is it ?
Ros. I would you knew.
An if my face were but as fair as yours,

12. *shrewd*, mischievous.
ib. *unhappy*, roguish.
ib. *gallows*, knave.
22. *snuff* (1) the wick of a candle, (2) a huff, expressed by snuffing with the nose. Cf. *M.N.D.* v. 1. 253. To *take in snuff* meant to take offence.
30. *favour*, present ; Rosaline (v. 33) plays on the other sense of *favour*, 'face.'

My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not so full of O's!
Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.
Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam, and moreover
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.
Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

43. *'Ware pencils*, beware of the painter's brush!

44. *red dominical*, the letter denoting Sundays (*dies dominica*) in almanacs. Rosaline refers to Katharine's red or auburn hair.

45. *O's*, marks of the small-pox.

46. *shrows*, shrews.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I 'll torture ere I go:
O that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn and beg and seek,
And wait the season and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state
That he should be my fool and I his fate.
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.
Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter BOYET.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where 's her grace?

61. *in by the week*, at my absolute command, like a hired servant. 'If I only knew that he was completely in love with me.'

67. *so perttaunt-like*, an obscure phrase, possibly containing an allusion to the game of 'post and pair,' and denoting absolute and unexpected subjection of one player to another. The phrase 'pour Tant' was apparently used in this sense in that game.

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments; you 'll be surprised:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here;
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear:'
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;
'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.'
With that, all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore

109. *rubb'd his elbow*, a sign of satisfaction. Cf. Jonson, *Barthol. Fair*, iii. 1:

Cokes. That again, good ballad-man, that again

[*He sings the burden with him.*

Oh rare! I would fain rub my elbow now, but I dare not pull out my hand.

109. *fleer'd*, grinned.

A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, 'Via! we will do't, come what will come;'
The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well;'
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?

117. *spleen ridiculous*, paroxysm of laughter, the spleen being regarded as the seat of laughter, as well as of ill-humour. Boyet says that they laughed till they shed the tears which, as properly belonging to grief, constituted a reproof.

122. *parle*, discourse.

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?
Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,
To make theirs ours and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpets sound within.*
Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come. [*The Ladies mask.*

Enter Blackamoors with music; MOTH; *the* King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits, and masked.*

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.
Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

159. *taffeta*, a rich smooth silken stuff; here, the taffeta marks, which alone were seen, used also metaphorically of fine phrases (v. 406).
160. *parcel*, company, party.

Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!—

Out—

Boyet. True; out indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe

Not to behold—

Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,

——with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet; 170

You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes.'

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue! [*Exit Moth.*

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will

That some plain man recount their purposes:

Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they? 180

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measured many miles

To tread a measure with her on this grass.

185. *measure*, a stately dance.

Boyet. They say, that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
Boyet. If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,
Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change;
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon. [*Music plays.*

Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers and come here by chance,
We 'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.

King. Why take we hands, then?

Ros. Only to part friends:
Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.

Ros. In private, then.

King. I am best pleased with that.

[*They converse apart.*

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

219. *nice*, coy.

Biron. Nay, then, two treys, and if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey : well run, dice !
There 's half-a-dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu :
Since you can cog, I 'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou grievest my gall.
Prin. Gall ! bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word ?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so ? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I 'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*
Kath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue ?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O for your reason ! quickly, sir ; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf ?
Long. A calf, fair lady !
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

232. *treys*, threes (at cards).
233. *wort*, unfermented beer.
235. *cog*, deceive.
247. *veal ;* mimicking a German pronunciation of the English 'well' (*vel*), which differed little from the Elizabethan pronunciation of *veal.*

Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly then: the butcher hears you cry. [*They converse apart.*
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.
[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

263. *dry-beaten*, thrashed.
268. *well-liking*, plump, fleshy, with more body (O.E. *lic*) than soul.
269. *kingly-poor flout*, a royal jest, *i.e.* one that has only its royal origin to commend it.

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.
Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn,
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

277. *no point;* a play on the French negative.
279. *qualm;* with a play on *calm*, as in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 40.
281. *statute-caps*, woollen caps prescribed by law in 1571 to be worn by the citizens of London on holidays.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you 'll be advised,
Let 's mock them still, as well known as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.*

Re-enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where 's the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

297. *vailing*, letting fall.

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;
A' can carve too and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whalës bone;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Biron. See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?

Re-enter the Princess, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, *and* KATHARINE.

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

315. *This fellow pecks up wit*, etc. This was proverbially said of *children*.

323. *carve*, use affectedly courteous language.

328. *mean*, tenor.

332. *whalës bone*, the walrus' tusk. Its whiteness was proverbial. The *-es* of the possessive and plural was sometimes syllabic in verse before 1600, as the *-ed* continued to be.

Prin. 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam! Russians!
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady, to the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you less.
Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case
That hid the worse and show'd the better face.
King. We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confess and turn it to a jest.
Prin. Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness sad?
Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I: lady, dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee nevermore to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;
I 'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:
Write, 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three;
They are infected: in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;

407. *three-piled*, superfine.
413. *kersey*, a coarse cloth.
419. *Lord have mercy on us*, the words written on the doors of plague-stricken houses.

These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves: my wit is at an end,
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now disguised?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advised?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,

425. *states*, estates.
427. *sue*, in the double sense of (1) bring an action, (2) entreat.
440. *force*, care.

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto moreover
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith and this the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on 't: here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she 's disposed,

463. *please-man*, officious parasite.
463. *zany*, buffoon; strictly one who made fun by mimicking the clown.
464. *trencher-knight*, serving-man attending at table; with an allusion to Boyet's prowess in 'carving.'
465. *smiles his cheek in years*, smiles it into wrinkles.

Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours: and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you
[*To Boyet.*
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.

474. *squier*, square. 'Do you not know her moods to a nicety?'
475. *upon the apple of her eye*, at her beck.
478. *you are allow'd*, you have the fool's privilege.
482. *manage*, handling or management of a horse.
482. *career*, tilt at full speed (a technical term of the tournament).

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit.*

King. Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:

490. *you cannot beg us*, i.e. we are not idiots. The wardship of an idiot or lunatic, with the control of his property, was a profitable office, much in request.

That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit.*

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus:

518 f. Where players take exceeding pains to please, they overdo their parts, and thus spoil the play as a piece of acting, but compensate for the matter they spoil by the mirth they provoke.—Much needless difficulty has been made over this passage. *Contents* is the subject-matter of the play, used with a singular verb (*dies*) and referred to by *it*, the object of *presents*, *that* being 'the player.'

535. *couplement*, couple.

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy :—
Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD, *for Pompey.*

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is, 'Great,' sir :—
Pompey surnamed the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat :

545. *hedge-priest*, priest of the lowest order.

547. *Abate throw at novum*, except in a throw at *novum;* this was a game of dice, in which the chief throws were nine and five, hence called 'novem quinque.'

548. *prick*, mark for selection, choose. This is more specific than *pick*, which is found only in Q_1.

551. *libbard's*, leopard's. Pompey's armour has a cat-leopard's head at the knee.

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I made a little fault in 'Great.'

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL, *for Alexander.*

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander,—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. [*To Sir Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be

568, 569. Alexander's head was traditionally said to be obliquely placed on his shoulders, and his body to have a sweet smell.

scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires.*] There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES, *for Judas; and* MOTH, *for Hercules.*

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.
[*Moth retires.*
Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.
Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

579. *the painted cloth*, the wall-hangings on which Alexander and the other Worthies were frequently painted. Alexander's arms are described in the book of the *Nine Worthies* as containing 'a lion *or* seyant in a chair, holding a battle-axe *argent*.' Costard gives a coarser turn to the expression, carried on in the quibble upon Ajax.

602. *ycliped*, yclept, called.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas?
Hol. Judas I am,—
Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.
Hol. What mean you, sir?
Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.
Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
Biron. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern-head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A Death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.
Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.
Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.
And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False; we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-faced them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.

614. *cittern-head*, from the grotesque head commonly carved at the end of the neck of the cittern, or guitar.
619. *flask*, powder-horn.
620. *half-cheek*, profile.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—
Jud-as, away!

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble. [*Hol. retires.*

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO, *for Hector.*

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!—
The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

640. *Troyan*, a rogue or vagabond.
642. *clean-timbered*, well-built.
650. *lances*, lancers.

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight; yea
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [*To the Princess*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector? we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. [*Aside to Dum.*] Loves her by the foot.

Dum. [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

659. *breathed*, in full vigour.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I 'll slash; I 'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I 'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for 't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I 'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaque-

694. *Ates*, mischiefs. Ate was the goddess who stirred up bloodshed.

700. The north-country men were reputed for their prowess with the pole.

706. *take you a button-hole lower*, speak without ceremony.

717. *woolward*, with the wool next to the skin.

netta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide
The liberal opposition of our spirits,
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath: your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

733. *I have seen the day*, etc., 'I have discovered that I have been wronged.' To see day through a little hole, was a proverb.

747. *humble*, obsequiously profuse in expressions of gratitude. Theobald's emendation, *nimble*, though doubtless simpler, is needless.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed,
And often at his very loose decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince,
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,

750, 751. The urgency of the immediate present constrains all affairs into conformity with the needs of the passing moment. Matters are often impulsively settled under the bias of an event that has just happened. 'Parts' is used for 'part,' because the statement refers to a whole class of cases thus decided by the final 'part' of time. 'Forms' is probably attracted by the sing. 'time.'

752. *loose*, the loosing of an arrow from the bow of Time (*i.e.* of the 'extreme part' or last moment).

756. *convince*, carry through.

762. *my griefs are double.* No satisfactory explanation of this has been given; Collier's *dull* is an easy, but not quite satisfactory, emendation.

Form'd by the eye and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.
Prin. We have received your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.
Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.
Long. So did our looks.
Ros. We did not quote them so.
King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.
Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,

780. *Suggested*, tempted (commonly in a bad sense).
791 *bombast*, filling out, padding.
792. *respects*, considerations.
796. *quote*, interpret.

Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.
[*Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?
Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd,
You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

801. *dear*, extreme, grave.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?
Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.
Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I 'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I 'll give you some.
Dum. I 'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.
Long. What says Maria?
Mar. At the twelvemonth's end
I 'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I 'll stay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.
Biron. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.
Prin. [*To the King*] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.
King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.
Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.
King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.
Biron. That's too long for a play.

867. *agony* (used specifically), the death-throes.
874. *dear*, bitter.

Re-enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Re-enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

THE SONG.

SPRING.

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

905. *lady-smocks.* 'The *Cardamine pratensis*, so called from the resemblance of its white flowers to little smocks hung out to dry.' (Cf. 916.)

906. *cuckoo-buds*, probably cowslip-buds.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way: we this way. [*Exeunt.*

930. *keels*, cools, by skimming or gentle stirring.

935. *crabs*, crab-apples. Cf. *M.N.D.* ii. 1. 48.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SOLINUS, duke of Ephesus.
ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and sons to Ægeon and
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } Æmilia.
DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and attendants on the two
DROMIO of Syracuse, } Antipholuses.
BALTHAZAR, a merchant.
ANGELO, a goldsmith.
First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.
PINCH, a schoolmaster.

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.
ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
LUCIANA, her sister.
LUCE, servant to Adriana.
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Ephesus.*

DURATION OF ACTION

A single day, ending about 5 P.M.

INTRODUCTION

Literary History.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies the fifth place. Like *Love's Labour's Lost* it was mentioned among Shakespeare's comedies by Francis Meres in the *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. But it was undoubtedly composed several years before this, and there is no reason to suppose that, like *Love's Labour's Lost*, it underwent any revision. All its features of style, metre, characterisation, and structure point to the years 1589-91 as its date; and two explicit allusions confirm this view. Theobald first pointed out the reference in iii. 2. to the contemporary civil war in France. Dromio, describing the corpulent kitchen-maid to Antipholus, replies to the question in what part of her person he had found 'France,' in the words: 'In her forehead; armed and reverted, against her heir.' This is also applicable to the situation between 1589, when Henry III. appointed Henry IV. his successor, and 1593, when the civil war closed with Henry's actual recognition as King. The English expedition sent to his aid in 1591 marked the warm popular sympathy with his cause of which Shakespeare had already made use in *Love's Labour's Lost;* and the unflattering—in its more occult sense even ribald—allusion to France doubtless brought down the house. It is probable that a *Comedy of Errors* performed in 1594 'by the players' at Gray's Inn was Shakespeare's play. A *Historie of Error* (now lost) is recorded to have

existed at a much earlier date—1st January 1577; but the wits and scholars who dictated intellectual fashions at the Inns of Court were not likely, at this moment of unparalleled dramatic advance, to revive an old play of the last decade but one.

Sources.

To an audience of this type, Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* would peculiarly appeal by its obvious relation to two well-known plays of Plautus. Of one of these, the *Menæchmi*, an English version was published in 1595 by 'W. W.,' *i.e.* probably William Warner. The other plays translated by Warner remained in MS. But Shakespeare certainly imitated also—in a highly original way—a scene from the *Amphitruo;* and it is no violent hypothesis that the sometime scholar of Stratford grammar-school could and did read both in Latin. Plautus' *Menæchmi* is an amusing piece, of moderate merit. The Menæchmi are two brothers, one of whom (originally Sosicles) after the loss of the other is called by his name, and on growing up goes in search of him. They are distinguished in the English translation as Menæchmus 'the traveller' (T.) and 'the citizen' (C.). The former has a servant Messenio. The scene is laid at Epidamnus (called in the English version *Epidamnum*, in the Folio Shakespeare *Epidamium*). Menæchmus C. arranges to dine with Erotium, a courtesan. Menæchmus T., who has just landed, is summoned to the dinner, and after eating it, is entrusted with a cloak which Menæchmus C. has purloined from his wife for Erotium, and a chain, her own property, to take to the dyer and the goldsmith. Menæchmus C.'s wife ('Mulier') abuses him for the loss of her cloak and sends him to claim it from Erotium. In the meantime she meets Menæchmus T. with the cloak on his shoulders. Recriminations ensue. She calls in her father ('Senex'), who mildly expostulates; Menæchmus

swears his innocence, is charged with madness, feigns madness to scare them, and on their running off to fetch a physician, flies to his ship. Returning they meet Menæchmus C., who is only saved from forcible capture by the arrival of Menæchmus T.'s servant Messenio. In reward he promises Messenio his freedom. Menæchmus T. being 'reminded' of this promise angrily scouts it, but the dispute is interrupted by the appearance of Menæchmus C. and the 'errors' are cleared up.

In Shakespeare's hands this farcical plot lost nothing of its farcical character. He even heightened the extravagance of the primary supposition by doubling the pair of indistinguishable twins; but he worked out the comical consequences of the situation with far greater care than Plautus, touched its romantic possibilities with a lyrical ardour to which Plautus was wholly strange, and set it in a framework of tragedy of which the Plautine story contains no suggestion.

The central incident—the entertainment of the wrong Menæchmus at dinner—was immensely improved with the aid of the motive already referred to from Plautus' *Amphitruo.* Jupiter and Mercury there visit Alcmena's house in the disguise of her husband Amphitruo and his servant Sosia. After their departure the true Amphitruo and Sosia arrive. It may well be that this suggested the introduction of the Dromio twins, though Shakespeare gives still more piquancy to the idea by making Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus arrive at the door while their counterparts of Syracuse are still within. This probably further suggested the substitution of the wife for the courtesan, as the hostess of Antipholus of Syracuse, Antipholus of Ephesus' visit to the courtesan being made, with admirable tact, a not unnatural act of vengeance for his apparent exclusion from his own house, instead of

a gratuitous infidelity, as it is in Plautus. The wife herself and her sister are studied with a care and minuteness which the action certainly did not require. In the change from Plautus' 'Mulier,' who rails at her husband with only too good reason, to Shakespeare's Adriana, who torments him with doubts at bed and board, and is ready to die in despair at the loss of his love because he refuses to come home to dinner, we see the change from pragmatical to psychological drama, from the comedy of intrigue to the comedy of character, of which otherwise there is not in this play very much. And Luciana brings us altogether into the atmosphere of lyric love which pervades *The Two Gentlemen* and the greater part of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and is half seriously disparaged in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

Still more significant is, finally, the story of Ægeon, which envelops the whole comic plot. It is probably Shakespeare's invention, and betrays the same instinct for accumulated effects and drastic contrasts. He had quadrupled the intricacies of the imbroglio by doubling the two lost Antipholuses with a second pair of twins; he quadruples the excitement of the final recovery by doubling them with a pair of lost parents, who at the same time recover their children and each other. And the foreboding of tragic harms which habitually overhangs for a while the early comedies, is here graver and more protracted than either in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* or *The Two Gentlemen*. Valentine's banishment and Hermia's destination to a nunnery or death arouse no serious suspense; but Ægeon is a pathetic and moving figure, whose story—a masterpiece of Shakespeare's early narrative—strikes a note at the outset with which the subsequent action is in somewhat too marked dissonance for ripe art.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A hall in the* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,

2. *doom*, sentence.

4. *partial to infringe*, biassed in the direction which would lead me to infringe, *i.e.* on your side.

8. *guilders*, money in general (properly a Dutch coin).

11. *intestine*, striking each combatant home. There is no question here of conflicts between members of the same state.

12. *seditious*, factious.

To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.
Æge. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.
Duke. Well, Syracusian, say in brief the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.
Æge. A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I 'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my father's death
And the great care of goods at random left

27. *this*, this is (a frequent contraction).
27. *done*, carried into effect (with a play on the sense *finished*).
35. *nature*, natural affection.
39. *our* (dissyllabic).
42. *Epidamnum.* The Ff have *Epidamium*, but this is less likely to be Shakespeare's form than Epidamnum, which is used in Warner's translation of the *Menæchmi*.

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour and in the self-same inn
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.

55. *meaner;* F_1 *meane.* F_2 inserts *poor* before *meane*, a palpable mistake, since the poverty of the parents is noticed in v. 57.

60. *motions*, proposals.

65. *instance*, indication.

And this it was, for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened

78. *sinking-ripe*, on the point of sinking.
90. *offended*, impeded.

With lesser weight but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.
Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.
Ægе. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and importuned me
That his attendant—so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that or any place that harbours men.

125. *my youngest boy;* this is apparently inconsistent with v. 79, probably through an oversight.
131. *of a love,* impelled by love.

But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.
Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet I will favour thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I 'll limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.
Gaol. I will, my lord.
Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse, *and* First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,

139. *timely*, early.
151. *limit thee this day*, appoint this day as thy limit.
Scene II. ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse. In F_1 he is here called *A. Erotes*, probably a corruption of *Erraticus*, Antipholus of Ephesus in Sc. iii. being similarly introduced as *Sereptus* (for *Surreptus*).

Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I 'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn,
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I 'll meet with you upon the mart
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself
And wander up and down to view the city.

9. *host*, lodge.
18. *mean*, means.
19. *villain*, rogue (in playful sense).
26. *Soon at five o'clock*, about five.

First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach having broke your fast;
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:

41. *the almanac*, etc.; Dromio of Syracuse having been born in the same hour with himself.

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock
And strike you home without a messenger.
Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stays for you.
Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

64. *post indeed*, i.e. like the post in a tavern on which the score was chalked.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?
Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I 'll take my heels. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage,
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I 'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,

96. *o'er-raught*, overreached.
97. *cozenage*, cheating.
102. *liberties of sin*, licensed sinners (abstract for concrete); 'licensed,' in so far as their occupations were recognised callings.

That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him
And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master, and when they see time
They 'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There 's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I 'll practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

30. *where;* Johnson ingeniously, but without need, proposed 'some other *hare?*'

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

32. *pause*, remain quiet.
33. *no other cause*, no cause to be otherwise.
41. *fool-begg'd*, foolishly demanded; but probably with a play upon the phrase *to beg a fool*. See note to *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 490.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he,
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'My gold!' quoth he:
'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:
'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

58. *horn-mad*, like a mad bull; usually with an allusion to the 'horn' of the cuckold.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.
Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*
Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!
Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That 's not my fault: he 's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.
Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

82. *round*, blunt, plain-spoken; with a play on the common sense.

98. *defeatures*, disfigurements.
ib. *fair*, beauty.

101. *but his stale*, only his ostensible wife,—the mask, or 'stalking-horse,' under cover of which he pursues his real game. The same phrase is used, but in another sense, by Adriana's prototype in W. W.'s translation of the *Menæchmi*, who complains to her father that her husband 'makes me a *stale* and *a laughing-stock* tc all the world.'

103. *dispense with*, excuse.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still,
That others touch, and often touching will
Wear gold: and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
By computation and mine host's report.

105. *lets*, hinders.

109 f. 'The best enamelled jewel tarnishes; but the gold setting keeps its lustre however it may be worn by the touch; similarly, a man of assured reputation can commit domestic infidelities without blasting it. I have therefore no resource but to weep, and weeping die.' This gives a fair meaning to a passage which many editors have given up as corrupt. Theobald introduced wholesale emendations into the Ff text, only one of which (*wear* for *where*, v. 112) is certain: the others are 'and though' for *yet* (110), 'and so a man' for *ana no man* (112); giving the sense, that as gold is finally affected by contact (or assaying), so a man's good name is finally affected by his falsehood and corruption.' This is fair (though somewhat flat) sense, but obtained at far too great a cost of violence to the text. In particular v. 110 has the stamp of genuineness. *Wear* (dissyllabic) is a common Shakespearean scansion.

I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt.
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give

28. *jest upon*, trifle with. Dyce's emendation *jet upon* ('trample, intrude, upon'), though perhaps too tragic for the occasion, is very plausible. But the antithesis 'serious' is against it.

29. *make a common*, treat my hours of business as common property in which every one is free to indulge his humour.

34. *sconce*, head. Primarily, a fortification, defence; hence Dromio's quibble.

you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

58. *in good time*, 'indeed!' (in ironical acquiescence).

63. *Lest it make you choleric.* Dry, overdone meat was said to 'engender choler,' *Tam. of Shrew*, iv. 1. 175.

75. *fine and recovery*, legal processes 'used to convert an estate tail into a fee-simple' (Ritson), *i.e.* to confer absolute ownership.

79. *excrement*, outgrowth.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: But, soft, who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:

85. *the wit to lose his hair.* The phrase contains an equivoque which explains the word *jollity* in v. 90, and renders Staunton's substitution of *policy* there needless.

95. *falsing*, deluding, delusive. 'To false' was to 'falsify' or 'to play false.'

99. *tiring*, attiring.

111. *wafts*, beckons.

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:

127. *fall* (trans.), let fall.
128. *gulf*, whirlpool.
143. *crime of lust*, Warburton's conjecture *grime* is rendered plausible by the context, and also by iii. 2. 106.

For if we two be one and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.
Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.
Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.
Ant. S. By Dromio?
Dro. S. By me?
Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee and in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?
Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

148. *distain'd*, stained. Most editors alter to *unstain'd* or to *dishonoured*. The only possible interpretation of the original text is Delius': 'I, as wife, receive the stain of your present conduct, while you, as husband, suffer no loss of honour.' This certainly appeals far less to our instinct of style than the change to *unstained*, which would make Adriana refer to the future she hopes for, instead of the actuality she loathes. But it accords excellently with the interpretation given above of the difficult passage ii. 1. 109 f.

153. *wants*, want.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names?
Unless it be by inspiration.
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness married to thy stronger state
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.
Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I 'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls and sprites:

173, 174. 'Your separation from me I submit to endure, but do not aggravate that injury by showing me even greater contempt than that implies.'
174. *more*, greater.
178. *communicatewith*, share.
183. *moves me for her theme*, appeals to me in furtherance of her object.
192. *owls*, 'screech-owls,' regarded as 'unlucky.' The line is probably defective, no stylistic reason for the introduction of a four-foot verse being apparent. But no convincing emendation has been suggested. F_2 gives *and elves sprites.*

If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They 'll suck our breath or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why pratest thou to thyself and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I not?
Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I 'll say as they say and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

215. *well-advised*, in my senses.

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

4. *carcanet*, necklace.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You 're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that 's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay to a niggardly host and more sparing guest;
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

24. *churl.* Not, in Elizabethan usage, necessarily a niggard.
28. *cates*, viands.
32. *mome*, dolt.
32. *malt-horse*, dray-horse.
ib. *patch*, fool. The word was used both with reference to the motley of a fool or jester, and to patched clothes.

Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Right, sir; I 'll tell you when, an you 'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*Within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name.
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within*] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate?

42. *owe*, own.

47. *for an ass.* Collier needlessly altered to *for a face*, partly on the ground of rhyme. But *ass* in Eliz. Eng. was a passable rhyme to *face* (as to *ace* which often contains a pun on *ass*). Dromio means that if Dromio S. had been in his place when he was flogged, instead of stealing the name Dromio he would have been glad to get rid of it, or else have proved himself an ass.

48. *coil*, disturbance, ado.

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within*] Faith, no; he comes too late; And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh! Have at you with a proverb—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. [*Within*] Have at you with another; that's—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. [*Within*] If thy name be called Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [*Within*] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*Within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [*Within*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [*Within*] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.

52. *When? can you tell?* a proverbial way of parrying importunate questions.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake there is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind.

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well I'll break in: go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

72. *bought and sold*, deluded and betrayed.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be ruled by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner,
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation
That may with foul intrusion enter in
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry,
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:

89. *once*, once for all (like Ger. *einmal*).
102. *ungalled estimation*, unblemished reputation.
105. *lives upon succession*, i.e. holds its ground securely, like an heir who has come into his property.

To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] Get you home
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there 's the house: that chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.
Ang. I 'll meet you at that place some hour hence.
Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;

3. *love-springs*, young shoots of love.

11. *become disloyalty*, give an attractive, becoming, outward air to your inner falseness.

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?

16. *attaint*, stain, disgrace.
18. *board*, table.
22. *compact of credit*, made up of credulity.
34. *conceit*, apprehension.

Transform me then, and to your power I 'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I 'll take them and there lie,
And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That 's my sister.

Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,

44. *decline*, incline.
45. *train*, entice.
53. *reason*, discourse.
54. *mated*, confounded, paralysed (with a play on the other sense: 'given as a mate').
58. *wink*, be blind.

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I 'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.*

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

64. *my sole earth's heaven*, etc., my only heaven on earth and all that I demand from heaven hereafter.

66. *aim*, mean, intend. Ff *am*, corrected by Capell.

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say 'Sir-reverence.' I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why, she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

93. *Sir-reverence*, a popular corruption of 'saving reverence,' *salva reverentia*, used as an apologetic way of introducing indecorous allusions.

108. *in grain*, fast-dyed, 'ingrained.'

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amazed ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel,

126. *reverted*, turned back, risen in rebellion against. This alludes to the war of the League against Henry of Navarre, the heir to the throne after the death of Henry III. in 1589. Elizabeth in 1591 sent a force of 4000 men under Essex to his aid. The play upon 'hair' is forced for the sake of the allusion; it would have been more natural to say that the girl's unruly locks 'made war upon' her forehead.

140. *caracks*, galleons.

141. *ballast*, ballasted, loaded.

145. *assured*, engaged.

She had transform'd me to a curtal dog and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road:
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO *with the chain.*

Ang. Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

151. *curtal*, with a docked tail.

151. *turn i' the wheel*, turn the spit (fixed to a wheel which the dog turned by its own weight).

152. *road*, harbour.

168. *guilty to*, guilty of.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you
And then receive my money for the chain.
Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well.
[*Exit.*
Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the mart and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I 'll attach you by this officer.

6. *attach*, arrest.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus,
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus *from the courtezan's.*

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope. [*Exit.*

Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note

8. *growing*, accruing.

16. *bestow*, put to use.

21. *I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope*, i.e. probably the vengeance which the rope procures is worth a large income to him. This is supported by Halliwell's comparison of 3 *Henry VI.* ii. 244:—

A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns
To make this shameless callet know herself.

How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.
Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.
Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?
Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.
Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?
Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.
Ang. You hear how he importunes me;—the chain!
Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain or send me by some token.
Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath,
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whether you'll answer me or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?
Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.
Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me
Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer,

56. *Either;* monosyllabic.
ib. *send me by some token,* give me some attestation on the strength of which I may claim it myself.
60. *whether,* pron. *whe'r.*

I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, *from the bay.*

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope
And told thee to what purpose and what end.
Dro. S. You sent me for a ropës end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,

78. *apparently*, openly, without disguise.

90. *in her trim*, ready for sailing.

93. *peevish*, foolish.

ib. *sheep . . . ship.* Cf. note to *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1. 219.

95. *waftage*, passage (by water).

98. *ropës end;* the inflexion, -es (gen. and plur.), was still often sounded in early Elizabethan drama.

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats: let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband: 110
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation madest thou in this case
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

110. *Dowsabel*, a poetic name, applied in jocular irony to the kitchenmaid 'Nell.'

1. *tempt*, attempt.

2. *austerely*, by a serious expression.

6. *his heart's meteors tilting in his face;* probably with an allusion to the flushing and contending colours of the aurora borealis.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.

22. *Stigmatical in making,* misshapen.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that before the Judgement carries poor souls to hell.
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

32. *Tartar limbo*, prison. 'Limbo,' properly an outer region of hell, so, like Tartar ('Tartarus'), hell itself, was thence jocularly applied to a prison.

33. *A devil*, etc., a sergeant in a buff jerkin; this 'robe of durance' being familiarly known as an 'everlasting garment.'

35. *fairy;* most modern edd. alter to *fury*, but Shakespeare's allusions to fairy malignity are distinct, especially *Ham.* i. 1. 163, 'then . . . no fairy takes' (*i.e.* afflicts with any disease or disablement). Cf. ii. 2. 191, too, above.

37. *back-friend*, a secret enemy; hence applied to the bailiff who comes from behind to arrest one.

37. *countermands the passages*, prevents the passage.

39. *runs counter*, pursues a false scent or follows the trail backward. There is a play upon the name of the Counter prison. The sergeant of the Counter follows his game successfully, yet runs 'counter' in so far as he pursues them thither.

39. *draws dry-foot*, tracks by the scent of the foot.

40. *that before the Judgement*, etc., who confines his prisoners before trial in the worst cells of the prison (known as *hell*). A more technical reference, which has been suggested, to arrest by 'mesne process' or 'on a side issue, before judgment on the main suit is pronounced,' seems far-fetched.

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luciana.*] This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

42. *'rested on the case.* Dromio plays on the contrast of 'matter' and 'case' as 'contents' and 'form'; but *matter* is primarily the 'cause at issue,' 'change,' and *to arrest on the case* probably also refers to the legal phrase 'an action on the case,' explained to mean 'a general action for the redress of a wrong . . . not specially provided for by law.'—Grey.

49. *band,* bond, with a quibble on 'band'=neckcloth. In iii. 31 below, there is a similar quibble between *band*=*bond* and *band*='company.'

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt and owes more than he 's worth to season.
Nay, he 's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter LUCIANA *with a purse.*

Adr. Go, Dromio; there 's the money, bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit—
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There 's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me
And therewithal took measure of my body.

58. *Time . . . owes more than he's worth to season*, all that Time produces in any season falls short of what is 'seasonable,' *i.e.* would be convenient for us.

61. *If he be;* Ff have *If I be.* Dyce supposed *I* to be a misprint for T, the initial of *Time.*

65. *conceit*, apprehension.

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes

11. *Lapland sorcerers.* Lapland was the subject of much Elizabethan legend. Fletcher in *The Chances* relates that they there 'sell men winds for dead drinks and old doublets'; Milton refers to 'Lapland witches,' Marlowe to 'Lapland giants.'

13. *What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled?* 'Have you got rid of the officer?' This is doubtless the purport of the question, but its exact force remains obscure. Three chief explanations have been given: (1) *what have you got* may be a colloquialism for 'what have you done with?' (2) the words *rid of* have fallen out after *got;* (3) *got*=had; 'have you had old Adam new apparelled,' *i.e.* procured him a new suit, *i.e.* got rid of him. Both (1) and (3) require the assignment of purely conjectural meanings; while style is decidedly in favour of (3) or (2) as against (1); for Dromio's *what* of surprise can scarcely be dispensed with. For the present then (2) remains the least unsatisfactory. In any case the officer is called 'the picture of old Adam' because he was 'in buff' (this being also an old dialectal phrase for 'naked').

25. *fob*, tap; F_1 *sob*, an easy misprint.

pity on decayed men and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed and says 'God give you good rest!'

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's

26. *suits of durance*, (1) robes of lasting stuff, (2) prison-dress.

27. *sets up his rest*, stakes his all upon an event (in cards); used of one who commits himself unreservedly to a course.

28. *morris-pike*, Moorish-pike.

33. *rest;* for '*rest*, arrest.

41. *angels;* the English coin called *angel* was worth about ten shillings.

dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes that the wenches say 'God damn me;' that's as much to say 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here?

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.

60. *we'll mend our dinner*, buy additional food.

73. *a drop of blood;* probably an allusion to Faustus' signature of the bond in his blood. Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* had been written a year or more before this Comedy, and the English version of the *Faustbuch* (reprinted 1592) may also already have appeared.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.
Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.
Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know.
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*
Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and the* Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I 'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,

88. *instance*, indication.

And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus *with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?
Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.
Ant. E. But where's the money?
Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.
Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?
Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.
Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?
Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.
Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*
Off. Good sir, be patient.
Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.
Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.
Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.
Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!
Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.
Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.
Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove

it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and* PINCH.

Dro. E. Mistress, 'respice finem,' respect your end; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'beware the rope's-end.'

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

40. *wont*, is wont (to bear).

45. *the prophecy like the parrot;* alluding to the custom of teaching objurgatory phrases, among others 'Rope,' to parrots. *To* should probably be read for the first *the;* and it is just possible that, as the Camb. edd. think, the whole phrase conceals *prospice funem*, which Dromio's following words aptly render. 'Respice funem' was a current scholar's jest for 'respice finem.' But this is somewhat academic for Dromio.

52. *please*, pay.

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!
Pinch. Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse.
Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*Striking him.*
Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!
Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.
Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!
Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut
And I denied to enter in my house?
Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!
Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?
Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.
Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?
Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.
Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

54. *ecstasy*, madness; trembling was one of the reputed signs of 'possession.'

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein
And yielding to him humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I 'll pluck out these false eyes
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company! The fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master: cry 'The devil!'

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me. [*Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtezan.*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house and took away my ring—
The ring I saw upon his finger now—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords.
Let 's call more help to have them bound again.
Off. Away! they 'll kill us.
[*Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.*
Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still and turn witch.
Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A street before a Priory.*

Enter SECOND MERCHANT *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Sec. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,

153. *stuff*, baggage.

Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Sec. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *and* DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I 'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.
Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?
Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I 'll prove mine honour and mine honesty

8. *His word might bear my wealth*, he could get as much on credit as I possess.
10. *self*, same.
16. *circumstance*, detailed, explicit statements.
26. *hear*; dissyllabic.

Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.
Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away;
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house!
This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither.
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?

31. *presently*, forthwith.
34. *get within*, get at close quarters with, close with.
36. *take*, take to.
49. *wreck of sea*, destruction wrought by the sea.

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference;
In bed he slept not for my urging it;
At board he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,

51. *stray'd*, misled. 62. *copy of our conference*, theme of our conversation. 66. *glanced*, glanced at.

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is then thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness

82. *distemperatures*, disorders.
100. *attorney*, substitute.
105. *formal*, normal.
106. *parcel*, part.

To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart: thou shalt not have him. [*Exit.*

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I 'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE, *attended; ÆGEON bareheaded; with the* Headsman *and other* Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

121. *sorry*, piteous. 132. *tender*, have regard for.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus my husband,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again and madly bent on us
Chased us away, till raising of more aid
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them:
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help.
Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my wars,
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate

138. *important*, importunate.
146. *take order for*, take measures to remedy.
148. *strong*, forcibly effected.

And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool,
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.
Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.
Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!
Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!
Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

170. *a-row*, one after the other.
175. *nicks*, clips; the fool's head being commonly close-shaven.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.
Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.
Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.
Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?
Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

192. *bestrid*, defended (when the duke had fallen in battle).
203. *discover*, disclose.
205. *harlots*, lewd fellows.

Ang. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,

214. *I am advised what I say*, I speak deliberately.
238. *anatomy*, skeleton.

And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.
Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?
Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.
Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.
Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.
Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:

269. *impeach*, charge, accusation.

You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.

I think you are all mated or stark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbess.*

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio and his man unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you:
For lately we were bound, as you are now
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

281. *mated*, confounded.

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,

298. *careful*, sorrowful.

ib. *deformed*, deforming.

299. *defeatures*, disfigurements.

310. *my feeble key of untuned cares*, the faint notes in which I utter my discordant grief.

311. *grained*, furrowed, lined (as with the grain of wood).

316. *a little use to hear*, still some practice in hearing.

Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.
Ant. E. The duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter Abbess, *with* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *and* DROMIO of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see them.*
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.
Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.
Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia

332. *Genius*, guardian spirit.

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Ege. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio all were taken up;
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me today?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

358. *semblance;* trisyllabic. 360. *children;* trisyllabic.

Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. [*To Luc.*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error

397. *this sympathized one day's error*, the error in which all have shared.

Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you my sons; and till this present hour
My heavy burthen ne'er delivered.
The duke, my husband and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such festivity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast. [*Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E., Dro. S., and Dro. E.*

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant E.*

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

400. *Thirty-three.* Theobald proposed, and many editors read, 'twenty-five,' on arithmetical grounds; eighteen years having passed between the wreck and the separation from Ant. Syr. (i. 1. 126), seven between that date and the present (v. 1. 320).

404. *calendars;* cf. note, i. 2. 4.

405. *gossips' feast,* a sponsors', or baptismal, feast.

415. *kitchen'd,* entertained in the kitchen.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, } the two Gentlemen.
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia in her escape.
HOST, where Julia lodges.
OUTLAWS, with Valentine.
SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.
PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.

JULIA, beloved of Proteus.
SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.
LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE: *Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua.*

DURATION OF TIME

Seven days actually represented, with intervals.

Day 1. I. 1., 2.
Interval of a month (or sixteen months).
,, 2. I. 3.; II. 1.
,, 3. II. 2., 3.
Interval: Proteus' journey to Milan.
,, 4. II. 4., 5.
Interval of a few days.
,, 5. II. 6., 7; III.; IV. 1.
,, 6. IV. 2.
,, 7. IV. 3., 4; V.

Dramatis Personæ. In the original editions *Protheus* appears for *Proteus* throughout, *Anthonio* for *Antonio*, *Panthion* for *Panthino*.

INTRODUCTION

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA was first printed in the Folio of 1623, as the second of the 'Comedies.' Meres mentioned it at the head of his list of Shakespeare's 'most excellent' comedies (under the title *The Gentlemen of Verona*), but there is no other evidence of its having been performed in Elizabethan times. Its subsequent history is almost a blank. A generation of Shakespeare-allusion-hunting has not turned up a single undoubted reference to or reminiscence of this play in seventeenth-century literature. During the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries it was performed, at long intervals (1762, 1784, 1790, 1808, 1821), usually with extensive farcical or operatic embellishments. Far superior in dramatic structure to *Love's Labour's Lost*, it certainly bears a fainter mark of Shakespeare's hand. Rowe and Theobald even denied that it was Shakespeare's at all. Literary History.

Of external evidence for the date there is none, save the reference by Meres in 1598 already mentioned. But there can be no doubt that it belongs to the group of early comedies. The style, though far less persistently witty than that of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and probably less carefully elaborated, shows the same liking for verbal jingles, quibbles, antitheses, and parallelisms. The characters are arranged and Date of Composition.

manipulated with a still more obvious eye for symmetry: Proteus and Valentine have each a humorous serving-man; each is forced to leave his lady, each lady follows in disguise. And the comic business of Launce and Speed is still more obviously thrown in to provide 'recreation' than was that of Armado and Costard. A number of striking similarities in phrase and some in situation connect the play with the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* as also with *Romeo and Juliet*, and it doubtless belongs to the years immediately preceding these two masterpieces, *i.e.* probably 1592-94. Some critics of rank have indeed placed it after, on the ground that it is better constructed than the fairy drama (Furnivall), and freer from lyrical artifice than the greater Veronese play (Sarrazin).[1] But the structure of the *Dream*, however apparently artless, is in reality controlled by a far subtler and more daring art than that which contrives the conventional plot of *The Two Gentlemen;* and the studied and sometimes bald simplicity of this play is distinguishable enough from the sovran ease and naturalness of manner which mark his verse in the later histories and comedies, where the high-wrought lyricism of *Romeo and Juliet* is definitely put by.

Sources and Structure of the Plot.

The story of *The Two Gentlemen*, like that of *Love's Labour's Lost*, was told by Shakespeare, so far as we know, for the first time. This does not prevent its being, save for the admirable creations of Launce and Speed, one of the least original of his plays. Both characters and incident belong by the clearest tokens to the family of Italian and Spanish intrigue stories which were already widely current in translated novels, and had begun, between 1580 and 1590, to compete with romantic histories, cumbrous Moralities and broad farce, for the favour of the more courtly

[1] *Jahrbuch*, Bd. xxxii. 149 f.

and cultivated elements of the theatrical public. As early as 1566 Gascoigne had led the way with his excellent translation of Ariosto's *I Suppositi*, the basis of the old *Taming of a Shrew*, and Giordano Bruno's *Candelajo* (1582), written during or shortly after his residence in England, has been credited with an influence upon English playwrights to which its merits hardly entitle it. Four such stories seem to have contributed to the design of *The Two Gentlemen.*

(1) The *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor, an English translation of which by Yonge, first published in 1598, had existed in MS. from 1582. A play founded on this story, *The History of Felix and Philiomena* (for Felismena), had also been performed at Court in 1584, 'on the Sondaie next after newe yeares daie.' Shakespeare certainly drew, either from the novel or the play, some situations in the story of Julia and Proteus; in particular the scene (i. 2) in which Julia coquets with Proteus' letter, and her subsequent adventures in his pursuit and as a page in his service. The name Valerius, which Felismena assumes as page, has perhaps suggested that of Valentine's fellow outlaw (v. 3).

(2) But Felix is only a faithless lover, not, like Shakespeare's Proteus, at the same time a faithless friend. The adventures of Proteus at Milan, as the wooer of Valentine's mistress, and betrayer of Valentine himself, may well have been suggested by a play now known only in the German version of it used by the English actors abroad, the *Comoedia von Julio und Hippolyta.*[1] Its points of contact were first pointed out by Tieck. A Roman nobleman, Romulus, is accepted by an Italian prince as the fiancé of his

[1] Printed 1620; reprinted in the scholarly selection of the *Schauspiele der englischen Komödianten in Deutschland*, by J. Tittmann.

daughter Hippolyta. Forced to undertake a long journey before the marriage, he entrusts her to his 'true friend and brother,' Julius, that he may 'beguile the time with pleasant discourse.' But Julius is himself in love with Hippolyta, and forges letters purporting that Romulus has engaged himself elsewhere. Hippolyta then consents to marry him, and the marriage is just complete when Romulus returns. A tragic *dénoûment* ensues.[1]

With this motive of the faithless friend, however, Shakespeare has further interwoven that of one even extravagantly generous in friendship. Valentine's offer (in v. 4) to surrender Silvia to the man who has just proposed to outrage her belongs to the pre-Shakespearean period of Shakespeare's art. It certainly lacks not only psychological truth—the sure grasp of which chiefly distinguishes Shakespearean romance from that of other men,—but even psychological plausibility. Many stories of similar type were, however, in vogue. An abject extremity of self-sacrifice was well known to the mediæval romances, and Boccaccio, no idealist, devoted a tenth part of the *Decameron* to stories of 'extraordinary generosity,' some of them hardly more palatable than this incident to modern sentiment. That of *Tito and Gisippo* (x. 8), where Gisippo resigns his bride to Tito (a loyal friend, however), had been introduced by Sir T. Elyot into the *Governour* as an example of ideal friendship, and was highly popular. But when he wrote this play Shakespeare was probably himself under the spell of an exalted friendship. 'Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all!' he exclaims in Sonnet XL. to his false friend. In such a mood as Valentine's sudden access may have seemed to need none of the

[1] The resemblances noticed in this and the following section have been worked out by Zupitza, *Jahrbuch*, xxiii. 1 f.

subtle strokes with which, at any later time, he would have prepared the way for it. In fact, however, Shakespeare never again suggested that a true lover can give up his love for his friend.

(3) The affinities of *The Two Gentlemen* with *Romeo and Juliet* have been often noticed. They point, not assuredly to his having already written the great tragedy, but to his being already familiar with the novel in verse—the *History of Romeus and Juliet*, by Arthur Brooke (1562),—to which he presently gave a more potent transformation. Thus Sir Thurio is a faint sketch of the County Paris, the duke's threats to Silvia anticipate the more realistic fury of old Capulet, Valentine's 'banished' cry is the prelude to Romeo's, his ladder-device and the rendezvous at Friar Patrick's cell have their obvious counterparts. The name *Julia* was perhaps suggested by *Juliet*, although, as we see, it is rather Silvia's story to which Juliet's lends colour.[1]

(4) All these stories Shakespeare probably knew as plays,—even in 1562 Brooke declares that he had seen *Romeo and Juliet* on the stage,—but none are accessible to us in any dramatic form he can have known; the German prose of *Julius and Hippolyta* being, in any case, but a rude paraphrase of the original. The case is different, however, with a fourth story. *Fidele and Fortunio the Receipts of Love discoursed in a Comedie of ij Italian Gentlemen, translated into English by A. M.*, is the title in the Sta. Reg., 1584, of a play extant in only two copies. In both copies the title-page is lost; the running title is *Two Italian Gentlemen*. The translator was very probably Anthony Munday,

[1] This correspondence of Silvia in situation—as of Julia in name—to Juliet may explain the confusion which has crept in at iii. 1. 81, where Verona, Juliet's city, is put for Milan, elsewhere Silvia's. In iv. 5. 1 and v. 4. 129 Milan is also replaced by Padua.

who has been thought to be ridiculed in *Love's Labour's Lost* as Anthony Dull. The action is a specimen of the perfectly-developed love-intrigue, the 'two Italian gentlemen' being suitors to two Italian ladies (Victoria and Virginia) each of whom loves the other's suitor. To this scheme the plots both of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and of *The Two Gentlemen* approximate. But the suits are here prosecuted with the aid of an enchantress and waxen images—an unwholesome Italian device adopted by Middleton in *The Witch*, but of which Shakespeare in serious drama kept wholly aloof, though he allows his Fairies to make and mar the foolish fates of mortals with the magical love-juice. But Proteus is made to borrow a fine illustration from the use of waxen images in witchcraft (ii. 4. 201).[1] The most interesting feature of the *Two Italian Gentlemen*, however, is the frequency with which the verse breaks into lyrical symmetries and alternations of rhyme and rhythm. As thus :—

> Their promises are made of brittle glass
> Ground with a fillip to the finest dust,
> Their thoughts as streaming rivers swiftly pass.
> Their words are oil, and yet they gather rust.
> Their virtues mount like billows to the skies,
> And vanish straight out of the gazers' eyes.

From this to the lyric quatrains of Shakespeare's early comedies is no very considerable step.

(5) Slight affinities have also been suggested to the *Arcadia*, especially in Valentine's reception by the outlaws. These greenwood scenes are almost

[1] This has been held, without sufficient reason, to point to Shakespeare's knowledge of Giordano Bruno's *Candelajo*, where Bonifacio, to win the love of Vittoria, resorts to a conjurer, who tells him to hold a wax image of her to the fire, but without melting it.

too slight and unsubstantial for comparison—nowhere else has Shakespeare sung of the woods with so complete a suppression of his 'wood-notes wild'; but the faint hints of Arcadian forests seem at least to be mingled with other hints as faint of English Sherwood. Silvia can contemplate the contingency of being 'a breakfast' for 'a hungry lion' (v. 4. 33),—as Puck will presently hear one 'roar' in the Attic woods (*Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. 1. 378); but this romantic touch is balanced by the palpable reminiscence of Robin Hood's code ('to do no outrages on silly women and poor passengers,' iv. 1. 71), and the mention of Robin Hood by name (iv. 1. 36). The Italian traits of character in the Duke and in Proteus are similarly balanced by the purely English topography; the Two Gentlemen go by river from Verona to Milan, and by a river which ebbs and flows (ii. 3. 58) like the Thames.

(6) A like slender link connects Launce and Speed with the punning clowns of Lyly, in particular with Licio and Petulius in his *Midas* (1589). Affected misunderstandings are a part of the method of both. *E.g.* in the *Midas*—

> *Licio.* She hath the eares of a want.
> *Pet.* Doth she want eares?
> *Licio.* I say the eares of a want, a mole.

And Speed retorts upon Launce after a similar feat: 'Well, your old vice still, mistake the word.' But Speed's wit, though often puerile enough, is more various and sprightly than his forerunner's, and Launce belongs to a region of humour wholly inaccessible to Lyly. In lifelike vigour of drawing he is inferior to none of Shakespeare's later clowns, but he is inferior in dramatic fitness for his place. He is not a vital limb in the organic body of the play. He does not help to move the main action, as Bottom and the

Nurse and Touchstone do. Half a dozen years later, when Rosalind and Celia were in the plight of Silvia, a function was found for Touchstone as their indispensable escort. Speed and Launce are obviously not made for so fine a service, and Silvia's embarrassment has to be relieved by the suddenly improvised creation of the chivalrous Sir Eglamour.

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. An open place.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lovest, love still and thrive therein,
Even as I would when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,

8. *shapeless*, devoid of definite aim.

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love I 'll pray for thee.

Val. That 's on some shallow story of deep love:
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you 'll prove.

18. *beadsman*, one appointed to pray for another.

19. *love-book*, love-story, instead of the prayer-book upon which, in Catholic usage, the beads were laid and counted off as the prayers were recited.

21. The story was probably well known to Shakespeare independently of Marlowe's poem, *Hero and Leander*, which was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1593, completed by Chapman, and printed in 1598.

27. *give me not the boots*, do not make game of me.

34. *However*, in any case.

36. *circumstance*, detailed representation or argument.

37. *your circumstance*, the position in which you find yourself.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.
Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.
Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.
Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit.*
Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

53. *road*, wharf, harbour.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master; thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your

72. On the quibble, see note to *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1. 218.

letter to her, a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay: in that you are astray, 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. [*First nodding*] Ay.

Pro. Nod—Ay—why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, 'Ay.'

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains.

102. *laced mutton*, wanton woman. *A* in 'laced' was nearly like that in 'man'; this was also an affected pronunciation of ŏ. Hence the quibble *laced—lost* was less forced than it seems.

119. *Noddy*, a fool.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she 's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she? nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.
[*Exit Speed.*
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit.*

153. *testerned*, presented with a tester (sixpence).

160. *deign*, condescend to accept.

161. *post*, messenger.

SCENE II. *The same. Garden of* JULIA'S *house.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?
Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
Luc. Please you repeat their names, I 'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.
Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.
Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so because I think him so.
Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

5. *parle*, conference, negotiation. 19. *censure*, pass judgment.

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that 's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. 'To Julia.' Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

27. *moved me*, opened his mind to me.

41. *broker*, go-between (usually in a bad sense).

Luc. That you may ruminate.
[*Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlooked the letter;
It were a shame to call her back again
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What a fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say 'no' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'ay.'
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse
And presently all humbled kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is to call Lucetta back
And ask remission for my folly past.
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is 't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach on your meat
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

53. *fool.* For *a fool*, the *a* suppressed in pronunciation as often.

68. *stomach* (1) anger, (2) appetite.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden then?

Luc. Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song. How now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

81. *set*, compose (with a quibble).

83. *the tune of 'Light o' love.'* This was a 'ballet,' to be sung and danced, and without a burden or refrain. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 44, where Margaret says: 'Clap 's into "Light o' love;" that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I 'll dance it.'

94. *descant*, in music a part or parts added (generally extempore) to an air or theme. The term was used in several different senses.

95. *mean*, 'an inner part between the treble and bass,' *i.e.* alto or tenor.

97. *bid the base*, from the game of 'prisoner's base,' where it was said of the challenging player.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [*Tears the letter.*
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'
Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged fearful-hanging rock
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia:' that I 'll tear away.
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

99. *coil*, fuss, ado. 121. *ragged*, rugged.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will 't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.* ANTONIO'S *house.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,

136. *for catching cold*, lest they should catch cold.

137. *a month's mind*, a violent desire. The phrase originally meant the service of *reminder* or 'commemoration' which a testator directed to be performed a month (or, in other cases, a week, or a year) after his decease. But a commoner sense of *mind*, 'inclination,' 'wish,' superseded this, the phrase, though now meaningless, remaining unchanged in form.

139. *wink*, am blind.

1. *sad*, serious.

While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any or for all these exercises
He said that Proteus your son was meet,
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:

15. *impeachment*, reproach.
27. *the emperor*. The Emperor Charles V. occasionally resided at Milan, but it is doubtful whether such facts had any share in determining Shakespeare's choice of a potentate.
32. *be in eye of*, be spectator of. Cf. 'in eye of Cæsar's battle,' *Ant. and Cleo.* iii. 9. 2.

And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso
With other gentlemen of good esteem
Are journeying to salute the emperor
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time! now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!
Ant. How now! what le[redacted]re you reading there?
Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

44. *break with*, broach the subject to.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*

Pro. Thus have I [illegible]n'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

63. *sorted with*, in accord with.

69. *exhibition*, maintenance.

71. *Excuse*, seek to evade by excuses.

84. *resembleth*; four syllables.

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers 'no.'
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Milan. The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it 's mine:
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?
Speed. She that your worship loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

2. *one*, pronounced nearly like *on*. Cf. note to *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2. 85.
11. *still*, always.

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that 's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

25. *takes diet*, undergoes a strict regimen.

26. *puling*, whining. It was a custom for beggars on All Saints' Day to make rounds praying for souls.

32. *that*, so that.

37. A threefold quibble on *without*.

38. *none else would*, i.e. perceive them.

42. *comment on*, draw conclusions about.

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well favoured.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly and her passing

66. *account of*, appreciate.
79. *going ungartered*, a proverbial mark of being in love.

deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose, and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes.

Speed. [*Aside*] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*Aside*] O, give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

83. *cannot see to put on your hose.* Various emendations have been suggested, such as—'to put spectacles on your nose,' 'put on your shoes.' But the phrase seems to be in keeping with Speed's taste for hyperbole, which often takes the form of giving a more extravagant turn to a previous saying. Cf. v. 105.

90. *stand*, am.

91. *set*, seated (with a quibble on the notion of sunset).

100. *motion*, puppet-show; the performer 'interpreted' the puppets by appropriate speeches as he moved them.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*Aside*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For being ignorant to whom it goes
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much;
And yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;
And yet take this again; and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. [*Aside*] And yet you will; and yet another 'yet.'

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay: you writ them, sir, at my request;

106. *servant*, the counterpart of 'mistress,' used often for a recognised admirer as well as for an accepted lover.

128. *quaintly*, cleverly.

But I will none of them; they are for you;
I would have had them writ more movingly.
Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.
Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.
Val. If it please me, madam, what then?
Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.*
Speed. O jest unseen; inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?
Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?
Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.
Val. To do what?
Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.
Val. To whom?
Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.
Val. What figure?
Speed. By a letter, I should say.
Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?
Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?
Val. No, believe me.

154. *figure*, device.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well. 170
For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have 180 meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Verona.* JULIA'S *house.*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

163. *earnest*, true meaning, with a quibble on the sense 'pledge, hansel.'
173. *discover*, disclose.
175. *in print*, with precision.
ib. *for in print I found it.* This has been thought to point to some undiscovered ballad or play. Speed's assertion that he 'found it in print' perhaps rather affords a presumption that he did *not*.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring.*
Pro. Why, then, we 'll make exchange; here, take you this.
Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell! [*Exit Julia.*
What, gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.
Pro. Go; I come, I come.
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir

2. *kind*, kindred.

Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe is my mother: nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog—Oh! the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: O, that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her; why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master

5. *Imperial*, for 'emperor,' as *prodigious* for *prodigal*.
30. *wood*, mad.
alteration for 'would' of the Folios.
Theobald's

is shipped and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood, and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail!

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Milan. The* Duke's *palace.*

Enter Silvia, Valentine, Thurio, *and* Speed.

Sil. Servant!

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.
Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.
Speed. Not of you.
Val. Of my mistress, then.
Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him. [*Exit.*
Sil. Servant, you are sad.
Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.
Thu. Seem you that you are not? 10
Val. Haply I do.
Thu. So do counterfeits.
Val. So do you.
Thu. What seem I that I am not?
Val. Wise.
Thu. What instance of the contrary?
Val. Your folly.
Thu. And how quote you my folly?
Val. I quote it in your jerkin.
Thu. My jerkin is a doublet. 20
Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.
Thu. How?
Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?
Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.
Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.
Val. You have said, sir.
Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time. 30
Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.
Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

7. *Exit.* Added by the Camb. editors, since Speed must otherwise be supposed to stand silent throughout the remainder of the scene.
18. *quote*, perceive, probably pronounced *cote*.
20. *doublet*, inner garment.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy

We have conversed and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe;
And, in a word, for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, sir Thurio;
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:
I will send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchised them

63. *conversed*, associated, had intercourse.
65. *omitting*, neglecting.
73. *feature*, form.
85. *cite him to it*, enjoin it upon him.
86. *presently*, forthwith.

Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter PROTEUS.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady: but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of; nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

104. *entertain him*, etc., take him into your 'service.'

114. *die on*, challenge to mortal conflict.

Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Ser.*
Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs;

116. The Folio assigns this speech to Thurio, and makes him 'enter' here. But Silvia's first words in the next line are plainly not addressed to Thurio.

130. *Whose*, etc. The reading *Those*, which Johnson proposed and Dyce thought to be 'imperiously' demanded, damages both the coherence and the poetry of the passage. It is Love who imposes the punishment, who 'humbles' (v. 137) and 'corrects' (v. 138) him, and who as 'a mighty lord' (v. 136) has 'high imperious thoughts.'

For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord
And hath so humbled me as I confess
There is no woe to his correction
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?
Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss

138, 139. *to*, 'in comparison to.'
152. *principality*, technically, a member of the 'seventh order of angels,' here probably equivalent to 'angel.'

And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus; all I can is nothing
To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I 'll presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will. [*Exit Valentine.*
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,

So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine, or Valentinës praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia that I love—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too too much,
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

Scene V. *The same. A street.*

Enter Speed *and* Launce *severally.*

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth,

195. *by*, by virtue of.

196. This line has been variously emended, most plausibly by Warburton: 'Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise.' But *eye* is not convincing, and *Valentinës* can be explained as a quadrisyllable with syllabic *es*, as in *Com. of Err.* iv. 1. 98.

207. *advice*, consideration.

210. *dazzled*; trisyllabic.

2. *Padua*. This, the Folio reading, was altered by Pope to Milan. But the oversight is doubtless Shakespeare's.

for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone till he be hanged, nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say 'Welcome!'

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou sayest?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

19. *are they broken*, is the match broken off?

Speed. The conclusion is then that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn,
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power which gave me first my oath

61. *ale*, with an allusion to the Church-ale or festival.

Provokes me to this threefold perjury;
Love bade me swear and Love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
For Valentine myself, for Julia Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now presently I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;

13. *learn*, teach. 35. *competitor*, confederate.
37. *pretended*, proposed.

For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Verona.* JULIA'S *house.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle DAME, assist me;
And even in kind love I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engraved,
To lesson me and tell me some good mean
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.
Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.
Jul. O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,

3. *table*, note-book. 4. *character'd*, inscribed.
22. *fire;* dissyllabic, as often.

Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go and hinder not my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step hath brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.
Jul. No, [illegible]; I 'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well as 'Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'
Why even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.
Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou thinkest meet and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeased when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears
And instances of infinite of love
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
[illegible]esently go with me to my chamber,

70. *infinite*, infinity.

To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Milan. The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.
[*Exit Thu.*
Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose

86. *dispose*, disposal.

To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.
Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep,
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But fearing lest my jealous aim might err
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.
Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my Lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

21. *timeless*, untimely.
aim, conjecture.
suggested, tempted.
an upper tower, i.e. an upper chamber in a tower.
45. *discovery*, disclosure.
ib. *aimed at*, guessed.
47. *pretence*, plan, plot.

Duke. [illegible] shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my Lord. Sir Valentine is coming.
Exit.

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.
Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my Lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child
Nor fearing me as if I were her father;
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age

73. *advice* consideration. 74. *where* whereas.

Should have been cherish'd by her child-like
duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.
Val. What would your Grace have me to do in
this?
Duke. There is a lady in Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor—
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed—
How and which way I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not
words:
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent
her.
Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best
contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'

81. *Verona*, for Milan, as in v. 4. 129. Dyce's *Milano* is liable to the objection that Shakespeare never uses the specifically Italian name of a town, where this differs from the current English form.
82. *nice*, fastidious.
87. *bestow myself*, deport myself.

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duke. But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.
Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.
Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:

113. *lets*, hinders.
116. *apparent*, manifest.
119, 120. Cf. note on i. 1. 21.

How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this same? What's here? 'To Silvia'!
And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*
'My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that hither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be.'
What's here?
'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.'
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

138. *engine*, instrument. being commonly carried there.
144. *In thy pure bosom;* letters 147. *want*, lack.

Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this more than for all the favours
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

Val. And why not death rather than living torment?
To die is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon;

153. Legend variously described Phaethon as the son of Helios by Merops' wife, and as a son of Merops himself. Johnson supposed the Duke to insist on the baser origin by way of additional disparagement to Valentine, but this is both needlessly abstruse and opposed to the explanatory 'for.' He probably means only 'for thou art indeed Phoebus.'

She is my essence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. Soho, soho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopt and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable and bad.

182. *leave*, cease.
185. *to fly*, in flying.
189. *Soho*, the cry of sportsmen when they discover the hare sitting. Hence the quibble in v. 191.

Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.
What is your news?
Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.
Pro. That thou art banished—O, that's the news!—
From hence from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she, for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:

211. *sacred*, adorable.

If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.
Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me!
Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate.
Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.
Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!
[*Exeunt Val. and Pro.*
Launce. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that 's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet

247. *manage*, manipulate, handle.
263. *one knave*, probably one whose knavery is not, as we say, double-dyed.

'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel; which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the cate-log of her condition. 'Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. 'Item: She can milk;' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son

269. *gossips*, sponsors at baptism; Launce plays on the ambiguity.

273. *cate-log;* on this quibble cf. note to i. 1. 101.

273. *condition*, quality.

290. *jolt-head*, blockhead.

of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis: She can milk.'

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. 'Item: She brews good ale.'

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb: 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'

Speed. 'Item: She can sew.'

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. 'Item: She can knit.'

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. 'Item: She can wash and scour.'

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. 'Item: She can spin.'

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. 'Item: She hath many nameless virtues.'

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers and therefore have no names.

Speed. 'Here follow her vices.'

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. 'Item: She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.'

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

300. *St. Nicholas*, the patron saint of scholars.

317. *set the world on wheels*, let the world go its way, be independent of it.

Speed. 'Item: She hath a sweet mouth.'

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. 'Item: She doth talk in her sleep.'

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. 'Item: She is slow in words.'

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. 'Item: She is proud.'

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. 'Item: She hath no teeth.'

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. 'Item: She is curst.'

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. 'Item: She will often praise her liquor.'

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. 'Item: She is too liberal.'

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit,

330. *a sweet mouth*, a 'sweet tooth,' with a quibble.

347. *curst*, ill-tempered.

355. *liberal*, free, indulgent (usually in a bad sense).

361. *more hair than wit;* a proverb.

and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit,'—

Launce. More hair than wit? It may be; I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. 'And more faults than hairs,'—

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. 'And more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! ay, who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter; an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same.* *The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Thu. Since his exile she has despised me most,
Forsworn my company and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter PROTEUS.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman
According to our proclamation gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.

17. *conceit*, opinion.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine and love Sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,

36. *with circumstance*, with specific details, not as a bare assertion.

41. *his very friend*, his friend in the fullest sense of the word.

Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.
Duke. Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again, and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,

53. *bottom*, to wind upon a *bottom* or ball of thread.
77. *discover such integrity*, disclose to her the sincerity of passion which these symptoms indicate.
81. *unsounded*, unfathomable.

PRO.

Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen!

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Frontiers of Mantua. A forest.*

Enter certain Outlaws.

First Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

Sec. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

84. *concert*, company of musicians.
85. *dump*, melancholy air.
87. *inherit*, get possession of.
92. *sort*, choose out.
94. *onset*, beginning. The sonnet will be the first step in carrying out the advice.
98. *pardon*, excuse your attendance.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we 'll make you sit and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
First Out. That 's not so, sir: we are your enemies.
Sec. Out. Peace! we 'll hear him.
Third Out. Ay, by my beard, will we, for he 's a proper man.
Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose:
A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
Sec. Out. Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
First Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
Third Out. Have you long sojourned there?
Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
First Out. What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
Sec. Out. For what offence?

10. *proper*, handsome, well made.

21. *Some sixteen months.* Since Valentine's story is in other respects fictitious, this statement cannot be relied upon in reckoning the time of the action.

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.
First Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
Sec. Out. Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.
Third Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
First Out. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them; it's an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!
Sec. Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
Third Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

34. *happy*, skilful.

46. *awful*, holding authority in awe, loyal.

48. *practising*, plotting.

49. *near*, Theobald's emendation. Ff *Neece*, which renders the following words superfluous.

First Out. And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want—
Sec. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
Third Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We 'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.
First Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.
Third Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

58. *quality*, calling.
72. *silly*, innocent.
74. *crews*, bands. Possibly a blunder for *crew* or *cave*.

SCENE II. *Milan. Outside the* DUKE'S *palace, under* SILVIA'S *chamber.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO *and* Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio: for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Who? Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia; for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let 's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you 're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we 'll have you merry: I 'll bring you where you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but, peace! let 's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me: he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

56. *likes*, pleases.
65. *slow*, heavy.
68. *change*, applied specially to variation in music.
76. *nick*, reckoning, measure; from the notched tally used in keeping accounts; an obvious metaphor for a Host.

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.
Thu. Farewell.
[*Exeunt Thu. and Musicians.*

Enter SILVIA *above.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compass yours.
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this:
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
Jul. [*Aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,

92. *compass*, obtain.
96. *conceitless*, devoid of apprehension.

Am betroth'd: and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call hers thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.
Jul. [*Aside*] He heard not that.
Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.
Jul. [*Aside*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning and I 'll send it:
And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.
[*Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.*
Jul. Host, will you go?
Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.
Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

125. *else*, elsewhere.
131. *to worship*, in worshipping, if you worship.
137. *lies*, lodges.

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There 's some great matter she 'ld employ me in.
Madam, madam!

Enter SILVIA *above.*

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not—
~~Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd~~:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,

8. *impose*, injunction.
13. *remorseful*, compassionate, feeling.

I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you,
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene IV. *The same.*

Enter Launce, *with his Dog.*

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I

37. *grievances . . . are placed,* sorrowful affections . . . are bestowed. Sir Eglamour, a chivalrous lover, passes from the notion of sorrow to that of love-sorrow, and thence to the object upon which the love is 'placed.'

brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg: O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't; sure as I live, he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there—bless the mark!—a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one: 'What cur is that?' says another: 'Whip him out' says the third: 'Hang him up' says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I; ''twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't. Thou thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember

11. *keep*, restrain.

the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I 'll do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. [*To Launce*] How now,
you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own, who is a

59. *the other squirrel*, a playful name for Proteus' 'little jewel.' Possibly there is an allusion to the feminine fancy for tame squirrels. Mr. Marshall refers to Lyly's *Endymion* (ii. 2), where Scintilla is introduced leading one in a chain. The word had probably equivocal associations, and Lyly coins the word *squirrilitie* as a variant for *obscenity* (*Pap with the Hatchet*).

60. *hangman*, rascally. The first Folio has *hangman's*, and Delius thought of an official confiscation of the dog by the hangman's servants; but it is more natural to attribute its loss to mischievous boys.

dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?
[*Exit Launce.*
A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout,
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry 'alas'?

Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry 'alas!'

67. *still an* (*on*) *end*, continually. 79. *leave*, part with.

Pro. Well, give her that ring and therewithal
This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit.*
Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refused,
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true-confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O, he sends you for a picture.
Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
Go give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold!
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.
Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
Jul. I think she doth; and that 's her cause of sorrow.

127. *unadvised*, inadvertently.
145. *tender*, have regard for.
146. *gentlewoman*; currently pronounced with three syllables, nearly *géntlooman*.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature; for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgements,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!
Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this

161. *black*, dark, used of a tanned complexion, but also with a reference to the effect of pinching. Cf. *Ant. and Cleo.* i. 5.

163. *At Pentecost.* Plays, especially Mysteries, were still a part of the Whitsuntide festivities in many English municipalities.

170. *agood*, in good earnest.

172. *passioning*, passionately grieving.

178. *beholding*, beholden, indebted.

For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia, with attendants.*
Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
Is that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved and adored!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! [*Exit.*

190. *tire*, head-dress.

196. *such a colour'd periwig*, one of that colour.

197. *grey as glass*, of the faint bluish tint usual in glass of the time.

200. *respective*, to be respected.

206. *statue*, image.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Milan. An abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Enter Silvia. Silvia is doubtless intended to enter masked (cf. v. 2. 40).

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Jul. [*Aside*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,

Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. [*Aside*] 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. [*Aside*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. [*Aside*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well derived.

Jul. [*Aside*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

25. *possessions.* Taken by Proteus in the sense of 'mental endowments,' of which Thurio, like the owner of leasehold property, has the title but not the use.

Jul. [*Aside*] That such an ass should owe them.
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then,
She 's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it;
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not;
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I 'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love

28. *owe*, own.

Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.*

Enter Outlaws *with* SILVIA.

First Out. Come, come,
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

Sec. Out. Come, bring her away.

First Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.

First Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!

These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,
To hazard life and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love;
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. [*Aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love lend me patience to forbear awhile.
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

2. The reading generally adopted from Collier's 'MS. corrector.' The Folio has *This* *shadowy desert, unfrequented woods.*
6. *record*, sing.

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.
Jul. [*Aside*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul!
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjured Proteus.
Therefore be gone; solicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they 're beloved!
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he 's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; ~~and all those oaths~~
~~Descended into perjury, to love me.~~
~~Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two;~~
~~And that 's far worse than none; better have none~~
~~Than plural faith which is too much by one:~~
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,

43. *approved*, attested by experience.

I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ye.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I 'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me; now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!
Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased.
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased:

62. *common*, ordinary, commonplace.
71. The metre of this verse is best explained by regarding 'O' as an extra-metrical exclamation, and *-est* as an extra syllable before the pause.
77. *commit*, sin.

And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy! [*Swoons.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what 's the matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis; this is it.

Pro. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But how camest thou by this ring? At my depart
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect. That one error

101. *her that gave aim*, etc.; Julia was the mark at which his vows of fidelity were directed.

Fills him with faults; makes him run through all
the sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for
ever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, *with* DUKE *and* THURIO.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord
the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy
death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch:
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

112. *the sins.* Probably pronounced 'th' sins,' as required by the verse. The Folio prints it so.
117. *close*, union.
127. *measure*, reach.
129. *Verona* is again written for *Milan*.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.
Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. These banish'd men that I have kept withal
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevailed; I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth and rare solemnity.
Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.

137. *To make such means for her*, to seek possession of her by such devices.

142. *griefs*, grievances.

143. *repeal*, recall.

144. *Plead a new state*, etc., entitle you to a higher rank in virtue of your unrivalled merit.

160. *include*, conclude.

161. *triumphs*, pageants, entertainments.

What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
EGEUS, father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, } in love with Hermia.
PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus.
QUINCE, a carpenter.
SNUG, a joiner.
BOTTOM, a weaver.
FLUTE, a bellows-mender.
SNOUT, a tinker.
STARVELING, a tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, king of the fairies.
TITANIA, queen of the fairies.
PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.
PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, } fairies.

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: *Athens, and a wood near it.*

DURATION OF ACTION

Three days.

Day 1. I.
,, 2. II., III., IV. 1. (part of).
,, 3. IV. 1. (part of), 2.; V.

INTRODUCTION

A Midsummer-Night's Dream is first mentioned in 1598 by Francis Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*. Two years later it appeared for the first time in print, in two nearly simultaneous quarto editions. Whether the second was issued by the publisher of the first—T. Fisher—or surreptitiously by some one else, only the printer, J. Roberts, being named, cannot be decided. It corrects several blunders, is in general far superior to the texts known to have been pirated, and was afterwards used as the basis of the first Folio. But it commits more blunders than it corrects, conventionalises without insight, and is on the whole decidedly the less authentic and original. Literary History.

The play had already, as the title-pages of both editions attest, been 'sundry times publicly acted,' by Shakespeare's company. It continued throughout the greater part of the seventeenth century to be one of the most popular of his early comedies. The attraction lay chiefly in two features,—the fairies and the clowns,—and the subtle threads by which they are inwoven did not prevent their being detached, adapted, and imitated for the benefit of the distinct audiences to which each feature specially appealed. Thus in 1602 the clowns' burlesque was imitated in the Oxford play of *Narcissus*; and after the suppression

of the theatres furtive performances were ventured of a droll, afterwards (1661) printed as *The Merry Conceited Humours of Bottom the Weaver.* The fairy-scenes had a more illustrious after-history. Shakespeare's fairydom, composed, as we shall see, of many elements, took hold of the contemporary imagination, and has coloured all subsequent fairy literature. Even the splendid attempt of Spenser, a few years before, to found a new spiritualised Faerie in the minds of men, succumbed before the poetic realism of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and Gloriana became an alien in the fairy world. The fairy poetry of Drayton (*Nymphidia*, 1627) and Jonson (*The Masque of Oberon the Fairy Prince*, 1611), of Herrick and Randolph, is of Shakespeare's school. Later, the play fell upon evil days and evil tongues. Pepys heralded the age of prose by pronouncing, in effect, upon the most poetic of plays Hippolyta's scornful verdict upon the clown's performance: 'This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard' (*Diary*, 1662). As opera and operette (from 1692) it pleased the eighteenth century. With the dawn of the Romantic Revival the *Dream* found at length its fit audience. Wieland borrowed the elves in *Oberon* (1780); Goethe in the *Walpurgisnacht* of *Faust* ('*Oberon und Titania's Goldene Hochzeit*') fantastically sported with Shakespearean motives; Tieck adapted the play under the title *Sommernachtstraum*, and Mendelssohn provided worthy music, the overture in 1826, the songs in 1843.

Date of Composition.

Beyond the facts already mentioned, external evidence for the date of the play is wholly wanting, and the internal evidence is far from simple. Palpable marks of the young Shakespeare, as we have seen him in the three preceding comedies, everywhere abound: the symmetrical grouping, the interchange

of a lyrical manner in the serious scenes with buffooneries in the comical ones, the tragic terrors rather gratuitously invoked at the outset and somewhat lightly dissipated at the close. The confusions of the Athenian lovers are a comedy of errors, actually produced by the fairy agency to which Antipholus of Syracuse in his despair attributed his own. Hermia, like Ægeon, stands under the threat of death. There is still little care for subtle study of character, and these Athenian lovers are not a whit more elaborated than those of Navarre and Verona. In spite of its two great creations, Bottom and Theseus, the *Dream* belongs clearly to an earlier phase than the first of the comedies of character, *The Merchant of Venice* (1596). But it stands hardly less apart from the three earlier comedies of intrigue in boldness of design and mastery of execution. Shakespeare's youth betrays itself perhaps in what he chooses to do or to leave undone, but not in his way of doing it. The verse may be rather lyric than dramatic, but it reaches heights of lyric loveliness, only paralleled in the probably contemporary *Romeo and Juliet*. On these grounds, the *Dream* may be safely placed within the limits 1593-95.

More precise clues to the date have been sought in the various supposed allusions. (1) Titania's description (ii. 2.) of the bad weather provoked by the fairy brawls had a close parallel in the rains and floods of 1594; (2) Bottom's suggestion that the lion might frighten the ladies unless provided with a reassuring prologue, was perhaps an allusion to a similar scene at the baptism of Prince Henry at Edinburgh, in August 1594, when a triumphal car was to have been brought in by an actual lion, 'but because his presence might have brought some fear to the nearest,' his place was supplied by a Moor.

(3) Many features in the play suggest that it may have been composed for some marriage-celebration at Court. A wedding, announced with stately emphasis in the opening lines, is the focus upon which the whole action converges; and Puck's parting song has much of the air of an actual epithalamium. This hypothesis has naturally led to attempts to discover the actual marriage in question. Tieck proposed that of Southampton in 1598, Elze and Kurz that of Essex in 1590. Mr. Fleay more recently has argued for the marriage of William Stanley, Earl of Derby, 24th January 1595. The first two, besides being too early or too late, were secret marriages, and may therefore be left out of account. The third conjecture is more plausible both as regards the date and the occasion, Lord Derby's marriage having taken place at Court, and been, as Stowe says, 'most royally kept.' Shakespeare's company had, moreover, been the 'servants' of Stanley's elder brother till his death, some months before. Against these plausibilities must be set the facts that Shakespeare's company is stated to have played at Court on 5th January and 22nd February 1595, but not on 24th January, the date of the marriage;[1] and that the title-page of neither quarto contains any allusion to the Court performance, which on this hypothesis was the original occasion of the play.

Sources of the Plot.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream is, as a whole, one of the most original creations in the history of poetry; but its nucleus already existed in the noble opening of Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, the home-coming and wedding of Theseus and Hippolyta, and several hints of the imaginings with which Shakespeare has embroidered this simple incident, are to be found in the sequel. None of Chaucer's Tales was more famous;

[1] Fleay, *Life of Shakespeare.*

it had twice been dramatised in Elizabeth's reign,[1] and Shakespeare himself is thought to have shared in the fine Jacobean *Two Noble Kinsmen*. Plutarch's *Life of Theseus* (translated by North, 1579) was clearly known to him. Shakespeare's Theseus is neither the ruthless soldier of Chaucer nor the heroic Don Juan of Plutarch, but a spirit of the finest temper and the noblest breed who has played both these parts and put them definitely by. A single phrase reminds us of his deluded Ægles and Ariadnes; another, of the injuries he had done his future wife in winning her at the point of the sword. His union with Hippolyta marks his final emergence from the barbarisms and infidelities of his youth into mature humanity and loyal love. His relations with the Athenian lovers have tragic possibilities, like those of Chaucer's Theseus with Arcite and Palamon; but their peril lies no longer in the ferocity of Theseus, but in that of the law he unwillingly administers, and instead of being hardly won to qualified mercy by the tears of his wife and sister he himself 'overbears' the despotic vindictiveness of Egeus.

But Palamon and Arcite seem to have actually suggested the group of Athenian lovers in whose fortunes Theseus similarly intervenes on the eve of his marriage. Their rivalry in the love of Emilie reappears, heightened and complicated after Shakespeare's wont, in the double rivalry of Demetrius and Lysander for Hermia and Helena. Theseus' master of the Revels also bears the name chosen by Arcite in disguise.

The wedding festivities, as of no moment for the

[1] *Palæmon and Arcyte*, by Richard Edwards, 1566; *Palamon and Arcite*, acted at the Rose Theatre, September 1594. Both are lost. The second may possibly be subsequent to the *Dream* and a consequence of its success.

story, Chaucer had passed lightly by. Shakespeare availed himself of this opening for an unmatched comic interlude. Bottom and his crew are doubtless drawn from life, and with a still fresher and more native touch than the corresponding comic group in *Love's Labour's Lost*, whose absurdities still savour of the traditional braggart and pedant. And Bottom's 'translation,' which links him with the story of the lovers, is incomparably more dramatic, because it brings his character into vivid relief, than the blunder of Jaquenetta by which Armado involuntarily brings about the comic climax of the earlier play. The story of *Pyramus and Thisbe* has, moreover, as we shall see, a sly relevance to the solemnities which it relieves, hardly to be found in the corresponding mummery of the Nine Worthies. Shakespeare probably read it in Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, lib. iv.), but it was widely familiar both in Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*, in Golding's translation of Ovid (1565), and in a ballad by Thompson; the two latter couched in a doggerel not greatly above the measure of Peter Quince.

The Fairies.

For the country-bred Shakespeare, however, the wedding motive touched the springs of yet another world of poetry. Elves in Germanic folk-lore were wont to haunt weddings, and, on this hint, coloured perhaps by the myths of the classic Hymen, Shakespeare has made his fairies hallow the house with song and bless the bridal bed. To this the whole fairy action attaches itself. Shakespeare's fairydom is, with all its magical unity of effect, a very composite growth, and nearly all the fairy plot, as distinguished from the fairy ritual, is drawn from the alien worlds of Latin poetry or mediæval romance. Shakespeare was here, however, only carrying a step farther a process of assimilation which

had been going on for centuries. Even in Chaucer's day the Germanic elf-world was not intact; the name 'fairy,' drawn from the wholly unrelated 'fay,' or enchanter, of romance, was already synonymous with 'elf,' and the classical Pluto and Proserpina were the King and Queen of 'Faërie.'[1] Pluto, when Shakespeare wrote, had long been replaced by Oberon; but Oberon himself owed his translation from the homely German dwarf Albrich, to the feudal and courtly imagination of French romance.[2]

eron. Shakespeare's Oberon is, however, still many degrees further than his namesake and probable prototype in *Huon of Bordeaux*[3] from the Albrich of German myth. Huon's Oberon is still a dwarf in stature and in temperament, capricious, ardent, and irascible, loading his favourite with magic gifts and kingdoms, and ordering his instant execution for a supposed slight. Shakespeare's Oberon has the caprice without the violence; he displays mild beneficence towards the lovers, and calculated malice towards his queen. It seems as if Shakespeare had already devised a fairy psychology, and meant their attenuated emotions to emphasise their diminutive forms.

Puck. On the other hand, he adopted to the full the Romance scheme of a fairy-court, and brilliantly

[1] *Marchantes Tale, CT.*, E. 2227.

[2] This romance was translated by Lord Berners about 1540, and, in this form, repeatedly reprinted in Shakespeare's time. The third edition (the earliest extant) appeared in 1601. This was doubtless his immediate sources for Oberon. Greene had introduced Oberon as a chorus into his *James IV.*; and another recent play (now lost) had dealt with the King of the Fairies.

[3] Albrich's name implies that he must have originally been regarded as an 'elf-king'; but all trace of that dignity seems to have vanished in the German popular epic. Many other elf-kings were known to Germanic mythology.

extended it by turning the rustic Puck, familiar to every English homestead, into Oberon's court-jester. 'I jest for Oberon and make him smile,' is Robin's description of his quality. Yet he remains for the most part little removed from his folk-lore prototype. It is only in the epilogue that he becomes, at parting, a mouthpiece for the quintessence of fairy-poetry.

Titania

Shakespeare's elf queen seems to be more original than either. Tradition had less definitely fixed her character. Spenser had quite recently (1590) been able to apply the name to a being as little related to the legendary mistress of Thomas of Ercildoun as to Chaucer's Proserpina. Shakespeare himself gave her a Puck character as Mab in *Romeo and Juliet*. Classical scholars widely connected her with Diana. Titania is distinct from all these, but she seems to have affinities both with Diana and Proserpina. Like the queen of Hades, Shakespeare's fairies are of the night; they 'run from the presence of the sun, following darkness like a dream.' It was an easy step thence to bring them into a special relation to the moon, and thus they are made to pursue the chariot of the 'triple Hecate,' to sing hymns and carols to her, or neglect to sing them (ii. 1.). The poet of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* was evidently attracted by the classical legends of the Moon, and Lyly's mythic drama on the Endymion story had probably contributed to the attraction. This aspect of his fairydom seems to have had its share in suggesting the name Titania, which he found in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (iii. 173) as a synonym for Diana. Titania herself is, however, a very different being from the chaste maiden-deity. She is no goddess but a fairy, childlike in her innocence and her impulsiveness and, above all, helplessly subdued by the shafts of that casual and irrational love which the 'odd beams

of the watery moon' had instantly quenched. But if she is not 'cold' she is the embodiment of feminine daintiness and delicacy; and all about her is imagined with an exquisite instinct for the elemental life of flower and insect and all the dainty and delicate things of nature.[1]

One flower, however, which plays a notable part in the plot, carries us back to myth.

e Love-ce.

The *love-juice* with which Puck anointed the eyes of the lovers and Titania was first brought into connection with fairy-lore by Shakespeare. It was perhaps suggested by a passage in the *Diana* of Montemayor (tr. 1579), a book which the *Two Gentlemen* shows him to have known. Upon this juice and its effects the whole plot turns. The attempts of Warburton and Halfin to read complex personal allusions into the pretty myth of the little western flower beyond the obvious compliment to Elizabeth, are therefore open to grave doubt. With the same delight in blending classical and romantic myths which marks his handling of the fairy world, Shakespeare sought a link between the classical and the romance symbols for the caprice and incalculableness of love,—between the arrow of Cupid and the love-juice. Such a link he found in the country name for the pansy—'love in idleness.' It receives the arrow and yields the juice. Cupid himself, the boy, is replaced by the king of the childlike fairies, and in Oberon's hands the juice provokes sudden accesses of unreasoning love. From these wayward caprices of passion, Theseus and Hippolyta, once sufficiently subject to them, now stand severely apart.

[1] The last clause is borrowed from Mr. E. K. Chambers' admirable edition of this play (Blackie), to which this Introduction, and the above paragraph in particular, owes several suggestions.

They can afford to look down upon the delusive 'imagination' of the lover who sees Helen in a brow of Egypt, or an 'angel' in an ass. And both the clear-eyed lovers and those whom imagination deludes are admirably set off by the 'crew of patches' who are deluded by the want of it. They see nothing but a brow of Egypt in Helen; their leader calls for provender in the very arms of the fairy-queen; the enactor of the lion explains that he is Smug the joiner; and the play itself is a travesty of love so palpably gross that, instead of captivating the imagination, it requires the active exercise of imagination to lend it the semblance of life.

Thus that interweaving of lyric love-scenes with clownish humours, in which the Elizabethans delighted, gradually became in Shakespeare's hands no mere relieving contrast of grave and gay, but a subtle instrument of poetic speech; and in none of the early comedies was it used with art so fine as in the present play, where the elements appear at first to be mixed with the fantastic incoherence befitting its name.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of* THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and* Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue,
Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

2. *four happy days.* The subsequent action does not agree with this reiterated statement, the marriage festivity taking place on the evening of the next day but one.

4. *lingers*, delays the satisfaction of.

11. *New-bent.* This is Theobald's excellent correction for the *now bent* of Qq and Ff. But no alteration will make the various statements about the moon in the play quite coherent. The wedding is to take place at new moon; but there will be bright moonlight not only for the performance on that evening (iii. 1. 48) but also for the rehearsal the night before (i. 2. 103).

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit Philostrate.*
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!
The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander; and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung
With feigning voice verses of feigning love,
And stolen the impression of her fantasy

14. *pert*, lively.
16. *companion*, fellow (in a disparaging sense).
19. *triumph*, entertainment, festive celebration.
27. So Qq and F_1. F_2 amended the metre by omitting *man*, Theobald by reading *witch'd*. No change is necessary; probably either the *be-* or the *hath* was slurred.
32. *stolen the impression of her fantasy*, imprinted thyself surreptitiously upon her affections; *stolen* seems to combine the notions of 'secretly,' 'by false pretences,' and 'without a title.'

With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness; and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.
The. What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is Lysander.
The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes must with his judge ment look.
Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,

33. *gawds*, trinkets. The word is cognate with 'jewel.'
33. *conceits*, devices.
39. *Be it so*, if it be the case that.
45. *Immediately*, expressly.
54. *in this kind*, in a question of marriage.

Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest

69. *Whether;* monosyllabic ('where').

76. *earthlier happy*, happier on earth.

76. *distilled*, i.e. perpetuated in the form of scent.

80. *virgin patent*, privilege of virginity.

81. *lordship*, dominion.

For aye austerity and single life.
Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.
Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.
Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I 'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up—

92. *crazed*, having a flaw, invalid. 98. *estate unto*, make over to. 113. *self-affairs*, my own affairs.

Which by no means we may extenuate—
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.
[*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.*
Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.
Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.
Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—
Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young.
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—
Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,

131. *Beteem*, supply.
137. *misgraffed*, ill-grafted.
143. *momentany*, momentary.
145. *collied*, coal-black.
146. *spleen*, sudden outburst (as of passion).

It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.
Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.
Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

160. *respects*, regards.
164. *forth*, forth from.
170. *his best arrow with the golden head*, that which, according to Ovid, excited love, as the arrow with a leaden head quelled it.
171. *simplicity*, freedom from guile; the harmlessness of the dove, in which those of Venus participate.
173. *by that fire*, etc., the pyre upon which Dido perished when deserted by Æneas.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I 'ld give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.

182. *fair*, beauty.

183. *lode-star*, polar or guiding-star.

186. *favour*, features.

190. *bated*, excepted. 'If I possessed all the world except Demetrius, I would give all the rest to have your features; for then I should possess him.'

Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Herm.*
Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,

215. *faint primrose-beds;* the epithet is probably a variation upon the more familiar *pale* applied to the colour of the primrose, as in 'pale primroses that die unmarried' (*Wint. Tale*, iv. 4. 121). The explanation of Delius, Schmidt, and Wright, 'beds for the faint or weary,' though quite in keeping with Elizabethan idiom, is out of keeping with the context. Hermia and Helena were not 'faint.'

219. *stranger companies*, companies consisting of strangers. This is Theobald's excellent correction of the *strange companions* of Qq and Ff.

So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens.* QUINCE'S *house.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

249. *a dear expense*, a reward for which I pay a heavy price, viz. by promoting his pursuit of Hermia.

2. *generally*, i.e. individually. Bottom, like Costard, deals in confusions both of meaning and sound, substituting sometimes the logical contrary of a word (as here), sometimes one only analogous to the ear (as in iii. below).

3. *scrip*, schedule.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is, the most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

10. *grow to a point*, come to a full-stop, *i.e.* conclude these preliminaries, and get to work.

29. *condole*, lament; a common Elizabethan usage of the word, not a Bottomism.

30. *To the rest*, proceed with the other characters.

30. *my chief humour*, etc., my temperament best fits me to play a tyrant.

31. *play Ercles . . . tear a cat . . . make all split.* All these were current phrases for violent bombastic action, applied especially to the stage. A play on the

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne;' 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

labours of Hercules, reputed for its 'thunder,' was still in vogue. A character in Middleton's *Roaring Girl* was called Tear-cat. *Make all split* was used especially of shipwreck produced by the sweeping away of the masts.

55. *Thisne.* Probably meant as a pet-form; the termination being perhaps suggested by such common pet names as 'cony,' 'pigsnie.' The view that it is the dialectical *thisne* 'in this way' is improbable, Bottom's language not being otherwise dialectical, while the word is printed in italics in Qq and Ff like a proper name.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father. Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your

purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A wood near Athens.*

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, *and* PUCK.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,

97. *purple-in-grain*, red, a fashionable colour.

99. *French crowns*, i.e. crowns of the head.

111. *obscenely*, probably for 'seemly' as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 1. 145.

114. *hold or cut bow-strings*, keep your promises or let the play be given up. The phrase, though apparently proverbial, is hardly found elsewhere; it is doubtless a metaphor from archery, the cutting of the bow-strings being equivalent, for the archer, to the 'drowning' of his book for the magician.

Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moonës sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

4. *pale*, enclosure.
7. *moonës sphere*. The inflected genitive occurs several times in the early plays. In the Ptolemaic system, the moon was fixed in the innermost of nine spheres which revolved round the earth.
9. *her orbs*, 'fairy rings.'
12. *favours*, love-tokens.
16. *thou lob of spirits*, thou lubber of the spirit world; Puck's rough, shaggy exterior being contrasted with the dainty and delicate make of the elves.
25. *trace*, traverse.
29. *sheen*, brightness.
30. *square*, quarrel.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;

32. *Either;* monosyllabic.

33. *shrewd*, mischievous.

35. *villagery*, village-folk; formed (perhaps from *villager* rather than *village*) on the analogy of 'peasantry,' etc.

36. *quern*, a handmill for grinding corn.

40. *Hobgoblin* or *sweet Puck;* propitiatory titles.

47. *gossip's bowl;* this was a technical term for the bowls of warm spiced ale with roasted crabs or apples floating in it, favoured by old women; but each word has here its literal sense also.

51. *aunt*, old gossip.

54. *'tailor,'* an exclamation made in suddenly falling backwards, which Johnson thought he remembered to have been customary in his youth. Probably it was a mild execration, connected with the traditional repute of tailors as thieves or as cowards.

And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.
Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter, from one side, OBERON, *with his train; from the other,* TITANIA, *with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.
Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?
Tita. Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?

56. *neeze*, sneeze.
58. *fairy;* trisyllabic.
67. *versing*, singing in verse of.
69. *steep*. So Q_2 and Ff. Q_1 has *steppe*, but the word, besides being unknown elsewhere in Elizabethan literature, is here less apt,—'farthest' suggesting a definite geographical object, not a boundless expanse. It is probably therefore an error. *Slippe* occurs similarly for *sleep* in Q_1, in iii. 2. 85.
70. *bouncing*, swaggering.
71. *buskin'd;* the buskin or cothurnus being worn in war and hunting, and so among the Elizabethans symbolical of heroic poetry and tragedy.

Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land
Have every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,

79. *Ægle;* Qq and Ff have *Eagles*, and as North's *Plutarch* has *Ægles* (twice), Shakespeare may possibly have written this. But the confusion was easy, and he shows himself elsewhere independent of North, as in v. 78, where North has *Perigouna*.

82. *spring*, opening.

84. *paved*, with pebbly bed.

86. *dance our ringlets*, dances in a ring, forming the 'orbs' of v. 9.

91. *pelting*, petty.

92. *continents*, banks.

97. *murrion*, attacked by murrain.

98. *nine men's morris;* a game in which each player had 'nine men' or pieces, which it was his object to place three-in-a-row on points arranged according to a fixed plan, viz. at the angles and centres of the sides of three concentric squares. In the country the points were mostly marked by holes cut in the turf, and liable to be 'filled up with mud' in wet weather.

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,

99. *quaint mazes*, intricate labyrinths traced in the grass, and kept fresh by the continual 'tread' of boys.

101. *The human mortals;* probably 'mortal men' as opposed to us 'immortal fairies.'

102. Mr. Chambers has very plausibly suggested that these hymns and carols were those sung to the moon (as in i. 1. 73), whence her wrath.

106. *distemperature*, disturbance of the elements.

112. *childing*, fruitful.

113. *liveries*, semblance.

114. *increase*, products.

117. *original*, origin.

121. *henchman*, page.

And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit Titania with her train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
Puck. I 'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*
Obe. Having once this juice,
I 'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I 'll make her render up her page to me.

164. *fancy-free*, untouched by love.

168. *love-in-idleness*, a rustic name for the pansy.

But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I 'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

192. *wood*, mad. Q_1 has *wodde*, and some editions hence print *wode;* but in the only other passage where Shakespeare uses the word, it is printed *wood* and rhymes with *blood* (*V. and Ad.* 740). Moreover, it is not Shakespearean to distinguish the two words on the resemblance of which a pun depends more than usage requires.

195-197. Difficulty has been found with this passage, some editions even replacing 'for' by 'though. It is quite coherent if we assign their symbolical, not their metallurgical, values to *iron* and *steel*. Helena says, 'You draw me, you adamant; but yet I am not hard and insensible (like iron) for I am true and constant (like steel).' That iron and steel happen to be the same metal is irrelevant, though it doubtless gives a certain awkwardness to the passage.

What worser place can I beg in your love,—
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.
Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:

214. *impeach*, expose to reproach.

240. *your wrongs*, the wrongs you inflict.

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.
[*Exit Dem.*
I 'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exit.*
Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
Puck. Ay, there it is.
Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I 'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man

244. *upon*, by; the effect being said to follow *upon* that which it is caused *by*.

249. No quite satisfying account can be given of the metre of this line. Practically the choice lies between (1) regarding it as a four-stressed line with one anapæstic foot, (2) making *thyme* dissyllabic, (3) reading *whereon* for *where*. Shakespeare's practice at this time hardly justifies either (1) or (2).

251. The most plausible emendation of this verse is Theobald's *lush* for *luscious*.

By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter TITANIA, *with her train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

The Fairies sing.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.
Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;

1. *roundel*, dance in a circle. 4. *rere-mice*, bats. 7. *quaint*, trim, fine.

So, good night, with lullaby.
Weaving spiders, come not here;

Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody, &c.

A Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well:
One aloof stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*

Enter OBERON, *and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.*

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take,
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near.
[*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We 'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,

Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit
So that but one heart we can make of it;
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence.—Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.

Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [*Exit.*

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

77. *kill-courtesy;* trisyllabic (*kill-court'sy*).
86. *darkling*, in the dark.
99. *sphery*, bright as the stars in their spheres. Cf. iii. 1. 60, 61.

Lys. [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will
for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what
though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused! [*Exit.*

118 *ripe*, ripen. 119. *point*, culmination, acme.
119. *skill*, understanding.

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen and to be her knight! [*Exit.*
Her. [*Awaking*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death or you I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The wood. Titania lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?
Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous con-

150. *prey*, (act of) preying.
154. *of all loves*, in the name of all loves.

venient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By 'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't.

8. *bully;* a familiar (and in Shakespeare always a friendly) address to a comrade or boon companion.

14. *By 'r lakin;* a common oath, by the Virgin.

14. *parlous* (perilous), alarming, serious.

16. *when all is done,* after all.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—'Ladies,'—or 'Fair ladies,—I would wish you,'—or 'I would request you,'—or 'I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;' and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or

some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I 'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Bot. —— odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here. [*Exit.*

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

81. *toward*, in preparation.

85. *Odours, odours.* So Ff Qq, *odours, odorous.*

86. *savours* is doubtless meant for a verb; Bottom blunders again in the next line (excusably) in saying *hath* for *doth.*

90. *here*, i.e. at Athens. Steevens supposed it to mean in the theatre where the play was acting, but this is un-Shakespearean.

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. 'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, 'never tire.'

Flu. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

[*Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

97. *juvenal*, youth.
ib. *Jew;* probably used, as in *L.L.L.* iii. 1. 136, with a reference to jewel.

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit Snout.*

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill,—

Tita. [*Awaking*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [*Sings*]

The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

119. *you see an ass-head of your own*, a vernacular Elizabethan retort equivalent to 'Fool yourself.'

122. *translated*, (outwardly) transformed; cf. Helena's use of the word, i. 1. 191.

128. *ousel*, blackbird.

131. *little quill*, shrill note,

134. *plain-song*; commonly a grave, simple, and regular chant; hence applied to the cuckoo's 'twofold' cry.

135. Cf. *L.L.L.* v. 2. 909.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I 'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, *and* MUSTARDSEED.

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

150. *gleek*, jeer, scoff.

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail!

Mus. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

191. *Squash*, unripe peascod.

Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.
How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nole I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,

205. *enforced*, violated.
3. *in extremity*, to an extreme degree.
5. *night-rule*, conduct prevailing at night, nocturnal order of affairs.
9. *patches*, clowns.
ib. *mechanicals*, artisans.
13. *sort*, company. So in v. 21 below.
17. *nole*, head.
19. *mimic*, player.

Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.
Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter HERMIA *and* DEMETRIUS.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,

21. *russet-pated choughs*, jackdaws with grey or brown heads.
25. *at our stamp*. This is commented by iv. 1. 91.
36. *latch'd*, anointed, smeared (still said to be in provincial use).
40. *of force*, perforce, without fail.

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I 'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored and that the moon
May through the centre creep and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What 's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

55. *with the Antipodes*, among the inhabitants of the Antipodes.
57. *dead*, deadly.
70. *touch*, stroke, feat.

Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.
[*Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*
Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd and not a false turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:

74. *misprised*, due to misapprehension.
87. *his*, sleep's.
90. *misprision*, mistake.
96. *fancy-sick*, love-sick.
ib. *cheer*, countenance.

I 'll charm his eyes against she do appear.
Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*
Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wakest, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befal preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

113. *a lover's fee;* proverbially said to be three kisses.
127. *faith,* sincerity.

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgement when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*Awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,

129. *truth kills truth.* Lysander's present professions of good faith show his former ones to have been false, and thus destroy his pretension to have any good faith at all. An internecine war of 'truths' is 'devilish' in proportion as truth itself is 'holy.'

144. *princess of pure white.* Some editors have found difficulty in this phrase for Helena's hand; but it is quite in keeping with the hyperbolic mannerism of the whole speech.

You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love and will do till my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.
Lys. Helen, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.

175. *aby*, pay for.

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?
Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, is it all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,

188. *oes and eyes*, circles and spots.
203. *artificial gods*, artificers.
204. *needles;* pron. *needls.*

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;

213, 214. Helena compares herself and Hermia—'two bodies but one heart'—to two coats-of-arms of husband and wife quartered on the single shield, with a single crest, which belongs to them jointly, as one person. She heightens the suggestion of their resemblance by the heraldic phrase, 'of the first,' denoting the repetition of some feature or tincture already specified.

Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come!
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiope!
Dem. No, no; he 'll . . .

242. *argument*, subject of a jest.
248. *entreat*, obtain her desire by entreaty.
257. *Ethiope;* proverbial for ugliness: dark complexion was unpopular with the Elizabethans. Cf. v. 1. 11. Helena was probably a brunette.
257. *No, no, he'll.* The line is probably incomplete and its interpretation therefore uncertain. It has been proposed to assign it to Helena, or to Hermia; but the former is not concerned, and the latter would naturally address Lysander instead of referring to him. Further, Demetrius' 'Seem to break loose' cannot have been the opening words of his taunt. Perhaps the lost syllable in the preceding line was *Ay* (written *I* and so confused with the *I* of 'he 'll,' written *heele*). Demetrius would then say; 'No, no, he 'll (not fight)—[*then, turning to Lysander*] 'Ay, seem to break loose,' etc.

Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?
Sweet love,—
Lys. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I 'll not trust your word.
Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I 'll not harm her so.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

258. *take on*, show fury.
272. *what news*, what is the matter with you?

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

282. *juggler;* trisyllabic.

ib. *canker-blossom;* probably the insect, not the wild hedge-rose, known as 'canker' or 'canker-bloom.' This was a proverbial metaphor for what was poor of its kind, but not for what was treacherous or destructive ('You thief of love!').

300. *curst,* ill-tempered.

I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is 't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. 'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little'!
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend

310. *stealth*, stealing away.
329. *minimus*, least thing.
ib. *hindering knot-grass*, a herb taken as a decoction to check the growth of men or animals.
333. *intend*, offer.

Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.
Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.
Dem. Follow! nay, I 'll go with thee, cheek by jole. [*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*
Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*
Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*
Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.
Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;

339. *coil*, trouble.
347. *king of shadows;* the fairies are called 'shadows' in v. 1. 430.

And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,

382. *damned spirits all*, etc., suicides.

389. *with the morning's love made sport;* probably 'hunted with the hunter Cephalus, the lover of Aurora,' rather than 'dallied with the Morning.' Cf. iv. 1. 108 f. Hunting is more congenial to dawn, and more in keeping with the context than love-making; Cephalus is referred to below, v. 1. 200.

Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.

[*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again:
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on :
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I :
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou gentle day !
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I 'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho ! Coward, why comest thou not ?

Dem. Abide me, if thou darest ; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now ?

Puck. Come hither : I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see :
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Re-enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours ! Shine comforts from the east.
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest :
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.*
When thou wakest,
Thou takest
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, *and* HERMIA *lying asleep.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, *and other Fairies attending;* OBERON *behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where 's Peaseblossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where 's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where 's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mus. What 's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help

2. *amiable*, lovely. ib. *coy*, caress. 20. *neaf*, fist.

Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let 's have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

[*Exeunt Fairies.*

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

37. *bottle*, truss.
40. *hoard;* dissyllabic.
46. *all ways*, in all directions.
47. *woodbine*, probably convolvulus.
48. Cf. *Com. of Err.* ii. 2. 176, where Adriana compares her husband to an elm, herself to the vine, 'whose weakness is married to its stronger state.'

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That, he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair
And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

54. *favours.* Cf. ii. 1. 12.
59. *orient,* shining.
71. *other;* plural.
78. *Dian's bud.* Probably the bud of the Agnus Castus is intended, whose virtue, according to old herbal-lore, was 'to keep men and women chaste.'

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!
Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.
Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep! [*Music, still.*
Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly
And bless it to all fair prosperity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after nightës shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.
Tita. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.
[*Exeunt.*
[*Horns winded within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;

108. *forester*, huntsman.
109. *observation*, the observance of the rite of May (v. 138).

And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;

110. *vaward* (vanguard) fore-part.

121. *fountains.* The felicity of this word is thrown into relief by what even very recent editors have called the 'obvious correction' to *mountains* (proposed by Theobald).

125. *flew'd*, with hanging chaps ('flews').

125. *sanded*, of sandy colour.

128. *match'd in mouth*, their cries forming a harmonious chime.

This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.
The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my lord.
The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns. [*Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem., Hel., and Her., wake and start up.*
Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
Lys. Pardon, my lord.
The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law.
Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit:
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt The., Hip., Ege., and train.*

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

172. *gawd*, toy.

194. *with parted eye*, i.e. with eyes not converging upon the same point, and so receiving a double image.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.
Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
Her. Yea; and my father.
Hel. And Hippolyta.
Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.
Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams.
[*Exeunt.*

Bot. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the

196. *like a jewel*, i.e. like one casually 'found,' which may yet be reclaimed by the loser, but is for the time being the finder's 'own.'

duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens.* QUINCE'S *house.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say 'paragon:' a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

225. *her*, Thisbe's, of which his head was full.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of* THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

39. *preferred*, handed in to the 'manager of mirth' to be included in his list of sports ripe for performance (v. i. 42). This was, for Bottom, equivalent to its acceptance.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

3. *antique*, strange, fantastic.
11. *brow of Egypt*, the swarthy features of a gipsy. Cf. iii. 2. 257.
26. *constancy*, consistency, coherence.

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!
The. Come now! what masques, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.
Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.
The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[*Giving a paper.*
The. [*Reads*] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'
We 'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
[*Reads*] 'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
[*Reads*] 'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death

34. *after-supper*, the rere-supper or dessert.
39. *abridgement*, entertainment.
42. *brief*, list.
49. *the Thracian singer*, Orpheus.
52. *The thrice three Muses*, etc. Possibly an allusion to Spenser's *Tears of the Muses on the Neglect and Contempt of Learning* (1591).

Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.'
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
[*Reads*] 'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long.
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
The. What are they that do play it?
Phil. Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now,
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
The. And we will hear it.
Phil. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,

56. *tedious brief.* The terms were recognised opposites.

59. *wondrous strange snow;* since snow is one of the most familiar and uniform things in nature, it can hardly be 'wondrous strange' without being unnatural, like 'hot ice.' Countless emendations have been proposed without necessity.

74. *unbreathed,* unpractised.

79. *intents,* endeavours; in the next line it stands for the subject of their endeavours, *i.e.* the play which they 'con with cruel pains.'

Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.
The. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit Philostrate.*
Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged
And duty in his service perishing.
The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.

90. *Our sport*, etc. Their blunders will furnish our amusement. As the Princess says in the parallel passage, *L.L.L.* v. 2. 517: 'That sport best pleases that doth least know how.'

91, 92. *noble respect Takes it*, etc. A noble mind, in judging the incompetent performances of well-meaning men, has regard to their powers, not to its worth.

101. *fearful duty*, timid loyalty.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

Phil. So please your grace, the Prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter QUINCE *for the* Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

106. *address'd*, ready.
108 f. The humour of mispunctuation had already been practised by Udall in *Ralph Royster Doyster* (*c.* 1551).
118. *doth not stand upon points*, is not minutely punctilious; of course with a play upon 'points,' *i.e.* stops.
123. *recorder*, a kind of flute.
ib. *not in government*, not controlled according to the laws of music.
126. *nothing*, in no respect.

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, *and* LION.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

131. *certain*, this archaic accentuation only survived in rude popular verse.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

Re-enter PYRAMUS.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne! [*Wall holds up his fingers.*
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

164. *sinister*, left.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Re-enter THISBE.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

This. My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay. [*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*

198. *Limander... Helen* (blunders for), Leander . . . Hero.
200. *Shafalus . . . Procrus*, Cephalus . . . Procris. Cephalus was wooed by Eos, but remained faithful to his wife Procris.

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Re-enter LION *and* MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

208. *mural*, partition.

227. *A lion-fell*, i.e. no lion fell,—the negative being understood from the following *nor*. This, though harsh, is more in keeping with the style than the Camb. editors, 'Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am | A lion-fell.'

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the

232. *at a beast*, in representing a beast. There is a quibble, the two words being sounded nearly alike.

254. *in snuff*, angry (with a quibble).

moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Re-enter THISBE.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [*Roaring*] Oh—— [*Thisbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit*

The. Well moused, Lion.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Re-enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!

O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop: [*Stabs himself.*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon, take thy flight: [*Exit Moonshine.*
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

291. *thrum*, the tufted end of the thread in weaving.

292. *quail*, quell. The two verbs were equally used in the transitive sense.

309. *lose thy light*, a forced expression for 'become silent.' 'Sun' has been proposed for 'tongue,' plausibly enough; but Pyramus' verses evade critical canons.

317. *ass;* with a play on *ace*, then nearly equivalent in pronunciation.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she means, videlicet:—

This. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:

330. *means*, utters her complaint; a formal and archaic use of the word, with which the 'videlicet' is in keeping.

Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue: [*Stabs herself.*
And, farewell, friends;
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. [*Starting up*] No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,

360. *Bergomask dance*, a dance of rustics, or clowns, so called from the inhabitants of the province of Bergamo in North Italy, whom their neighbours credited with a peculiar rusticity.

And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA *with their train.*

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.
[*Song and dance.*

381. *fordone*, exhausted.
391. *By the triple Hecate's team*, the chariot of the *diva triformis*, Diana-Hecate-Phœbe.
394. *frolic*, jocund.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.*
Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,

419. *prodigious*, monstrous.
440. *the serpent's tongue*, hissing.

We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

444. *give me your hands*, applaud.

END OF VOL. I.

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